VOL. VI

THE CARDINAL

1918, 1919

Sermons and Addresses

OF

HIS EMINENCE

WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL

ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON

VOL. VI

BOSTON

The Pilot Publishing Company

MCMXXII

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The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

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Sermons and Addresses

THE POWER OF THE HOLY NAME

Beloved men of the Holy Name Society:— It is a source of great consolation to see, at the beginning of this new year, as in years gone by, this great gathering of our good, Catholic men assembled here to give public attestation of their love and fidelity, and notice to the world that Christ is still our King.

But, consoling as this anniversary always is, it is doubly so in these sad and trying times when the world is given over to war. Throughout Christendom, suffering untold agonies, are millions unknown to the great world at large. Not only are hosts of armed men enduring privation, pain and death in the field, but countless women and children are enduring all that human nature can bear in ravaged lands and even in countries as yet spared the shock and carnage of hostile inroads. God alone knows how long this state of things may continue. Certainly the rulers of nations and the governments seem to know very little about the time when this terrible tragedy will cease.

Men are looking about on all sides for the causes or reasons underlying all this suffering and woe, but, what-

[1] Sermon at Cathedral to members of Holy Name Society, Sunday, January 6, 1918.

ever human eyes may see on the surface of events, there are many more grievous and fundamental causes of which we hear very little. Many explanations are offered. Some of them doubtless are true, but they do not go to the root of the trouble. Has any one in these days the courage to state what the real reasons are? The truth is, the fault rests upon all alike.

Peace among men is a gift of God. It consists in that tranquillity and beauty of order which are the fruit of spiritual things. To gain these, men must be willing to sacrifice material things. We all realize this. We need not be philosophers or sublimely wise to discern that the world has been seeking, not for spiritual things, not for the foundations of harmony, but for the material things of life. We know that greed, and the insatiable desire for power, for wealth, for display have been the most potent motives of human endeavor.

For a generation past we have been told without ceasing by false prophets, glib of tongue and confident of being able to solve every problem of heaven and earth, that humanity was constantly growing by knowledge and science into a greater, wider and more glorious progression. These assurances, my dear men, were mere words. The present condition of the world is startling proof of their shallowness. We all know in our individual lives, from personal experience, the real truth that underlies happiness of life. We know that when conscience is not at rest we can have no peace; that while we are conscious of wrong-doing and contempt of God's law, however much we run after pleasure and still the voice of conscience, we can attain no peace or rest. It is fundamental and most essential, first of all, that we make ourselves right with God, our Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier.

We need only to transfer the truths of that personal experience to the world at large to see that the results for mankind in general are precisely the same. Men boast of what science and machinery have accomplished, of the industrial advances of the past half century. What have they really brought to the world? Have they brought it more happiness and peace? Was there ever a time when personal discontent was more common, or greater discord existed among the nations? What is the cause of this state of things, so contrary to the confident promises of the worldly prophets? The same reason, the same mistake that produces discontent and misery in the souls of individuals.

The nations have groped about in the dark, and, having found a false jewel or bauble, they have convinced themselves that it was the treasure of the universe. Without the slightest question of a doubt, the cause of all this turmoil and trouble, of this loss of happiness in millions of homes in every nation on this planet is, that human beings created by God have forgotten His law, have put created things, mere passing pleasures, mere passions of this life, in the place of the eternal God.

Without the sun there would be no light or hope upon the earth. All would be darkness and mist. Men would grope about seeking a light. Likewise without Him, who is the "Light of the world," without our blessed Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, there can be no light for the souls of men and they will merely grope about to find only baubles and disappointments, because, in their pursuit of created things, they neglected their Creator.

This society of the Holy Name of Jesus means to us far more than an assembly on a certain day of the year. It takes its meaning from something that must take deep

root in our souls in order to become a reality, to be of real service to us. We know now, thank God! as we could never have known otherwise, how deeply these roots are embedded in the souls of our men.

We are constantly hearing from the various cantonments, both here and across the ocean; from the priests, the chaplains, from the officers and soldiers, and even from officers and soldiers who are not of our Faith, unanimous and encouraging testimony. This testimony is, that our good young men are faithful in their affection for and loyalty to our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ; that He is present with them in the face of dangers, in the various crosses and trials to which even now they are subjected for the sake of discipline. He is their greatest consolation, their sweetest solace.

The thought that these young men to-day have uppermost in their minds is, that we are here, united, as they wish they could be, around the altar of our Blessed Lord, recalling once more all that we owe to Him. We must pray that they may remain faithful, but, in order to pray well for them, we must be faithful ourselves.

I know that the great bulk of our Catholic men are truly and even wonderfully faithful to God and His Church. But every now and then it happens that our hearts grow sick and sore to find how easily some are beguiled by a few soft words that are intended to deceive them, to make them forget their most sacred obligations. The measures employed are very astute, well thought out and carefully planned. They do not always come from those who publicly, and, I might say, honestly, avow their opposition and enmity to us and to our Faith. What is far worse, these plotters of evil are clever enough to use some of our own men to mislead their fellow-Catholics

and to deceive them in the matter of their highest interests.

Why will not men be faithful and loyal to God and their duty? What miserable worldly reward can ever kill in a man's heart the consciousness that he has betrayed a sacred cause? How can he face the altar of God, when he knows that he has been recreant to the high trust reposed in him and unworthy of the great cause of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, in the person of His priests and prelates?

What is this false word, of which we hear from time to time, that is being maliciously instilled into the hearts of some of our weak-minded men, that in politics the Church has no voice? The Church has no voice! Where, I ask, in the activities of human life, has the Church no voice? She is the guide and leader of humanity in the name of Jesus Christ. She proclaims infallibly the principles of true morality. The world has its code and its ways, but it is one of the main purposes for which the Church was founded, to direct men in the ways of God. Every Catholic ought to know this. Yet even in politics, sunk as they often are in the mire of mere ambition and self-seeking, some of our own men are hoodwinked or weak-minded in the face of plain and evident duty.

The Church never mingles in politics, but she teaches the way of highest morality in everything. When her sacred interests are attacked, even if all the emperors, kings, presidents and governors of the whole world opposed her, she would tell them, as she has told their predecessors and as she will tell their successors: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's."

This procedure against which the Church protests is

nothing new. It has confronted her in every age. It is this cheap and sorry attempt to win over Catholics by telling them that they are "men of progress," by courting a few leaders among them in the hope that these will betray the interests of the rest. There are times when we must not mince words, and I speak plainly because I have a responsibility before God for your souls. What would be my lot if I neglected that duty? What fear I, or care I, if only I can perform that duty rightly and leave you with your minds and hearts fixed firmly and loyally to your God, your religion and the interests of your Faith!

All else will pass. The little men who have tried to buy you and then sell you again will pass and their schemes come to naught. But the judgment of God will not pass. Beware of the small trickery that goes on underneath the surface of events. Many of our men seem blind to that. Keep your eyes wide open. It is not the plain man in the street who is playing these tricks. Sometimes they are played by the very men you are looking up to and admiring. You have all the spiritual graces and liberty that we can give you. Are you going to sell these? Or let others filch them away and barter your highest interests? That is exactly what some are continuously attempting to do. The trouble is that these agents of evil, by ways in which they are expert, blindfold our good men and lead them astray.

Now, men of the Holy Name Society, we all love with an undying affection this great country of ours, America. Our men have gone out by the hundreds of thousands to give their lives if necessary as a proof of that love. Can any one justly question their patriotism and devotedness ever after? Yet they will be questioned just the same. When the war is over, and when, please God, we have

been victorious, the same fight against those who hate our Faith and everything it stands for will be resumed. Let us prepare for those days now. Let us stand with our loyal boys over there in France or in Belgium or in Italy or wherever they may be. Let us stand with them shoulder to shoulder in affection and loyalty to America, and then, by all the rights of honest men, let us stand for our own highest rights, look every man in the face and tell him that we do so because we believe in God, in our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ; that we stand for these rights because we believe in His divine Church that has led us on in the way of truth.

These are the reasons why we love America as we do. Not for its wealth and power, but because of God's law do we love this land, which has in so many ways been blessed by Almighty God. Most of all we love it because it protects us in our religious rights. This is the greatest treasure in life, that men can serve and worship God in peace and harmony. All this, beloved men, makes inevitable one of two things; either we are to stand faithful to what the Holy Name means to us, or we are to become weak Catholics or traitors.

May Almighty God implant in the heart of each one of us here present such strong, loyal, faithful and devoted love of our Blessed Lord, that we would prefer to die a thousand deaths rather than betray His interests on earth. He has loved us so much that He gave Himself to redeem us. Shall we then be so weak and mean as not to live and die for Him? He gives us grace and help and every means to live according to His law. He gives us the Sacraments. He gives us His Church to light us on our way. He has given us a long line of Pontiffs who have died to keep the Church free. And not alone that. He

has given us the bishops and pastors who have suffered many things but have kept their flock.

Shall we in a weak hour betray all that? God forbid! No, beloved men, let each hour add to the strength and fidelity of our hearts in the love for our society, for the Holy Name, for our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, for God and all that God means to us.

So will the years pass by, and each hour will bring us more consoling strength, greater grace and benediction. May the blessing of God rest upon you all, now and forever.

PATRIOTIC SERVICE [1]

I ASKED the ladies of the Diocese to give their presence to this meeting to-day, feeling sure that they would heed the call of duty, regardless of the weather or engagements of lesser importance, and I am very glad to say that my confidence has been justified. It has been my experience of a lifetime as priest and Bishop that we have only to make known a public necessity to our Catholic women, in order to receive the prompt and eager response that comes from faithful hearts.

This is so uniformly true that I am not in the least surprised at the work which has been done, that is going on now, and, with God's help, will continue to be done in the future. The one great thing that we failed to do — and ordinarily and normally there is small need for it — was to advertise the importance and extent of this work. It is plain, however, at the present time, that this is the precise thing to which we must give our attention and energy.

It will doubtless occasion surprise to many to hear of the extent of the activities that are going on here, and of the clear-headed and practical system and methods employed. This is the case simply because you are not in touch with the conditions and circumstances involved, as my office compels me to be. It is my work, my life-work under God, to stimulate, to organize, to perpetuate in this community all that is best and finest in the work

[1] Address to League of Catholic Women at Notre Dame Convent, Fenway, on Food Conservation, January 20, 1918.

of the Catholic people, who are under my jurisdiction as spiritual head of this Diocese. It is well known to all that a great deal of effort and energy is constantly being used in the promotion of the great purposes of these tireless religious organizations, but in a quiet and unobtrusive way, as is our blessed Savior's will. The Father who seeth in secret will reward this devotedness. This is the complete and perfect satisfaction of the Catholic heart, that God knows our work.

If we were to seek for the real stimulus that energizes this work, we would have to hark back many centuries. It is somewhat amusing for a Catholic, and especially for one who knows the history of the Church's work, to read of the dilettantism that is being put forward at the present day as some sort of social discovery. It is nothing of the kind. The Catholic Church has been engaged in social endeavor from its very beginning as an organization.

The Church formed the nations of Europe, now unfortunately divided and fighting; it formed the Christian family; it trained the workman; it gave to woman her consecrated place in life as queen of the home; it dedicated the lives of the children; it made each individual a sacred person and the charity of God the very first duty of every Christian soul.

When the reign of individualism began, much of that great work was blighted. The Catholic guilds that were in beneficent existence for centuries saw to it that everything, which is being done now as a novelty of social service, was done normally for each individual in the community. The wonderful organization of the Catholic Church neglects nothing. Every soul in each parish is accounted for. The parish priest is the center of information about whatever goes on: the morality of lives, the

dissipation of individuals, the indolence and indifference that exist. The confessional is the tribunal at which each Catholic soul must render a personal account to God.

This force is so tremendous, yet so quiet and secret in its workings, that it has preserved through the centuries the civilization which it founded, notwithstanding the efforts made on all sides, for one reason or another, to destroy it, to break up the very agencies that have formed, trained and conserved Christian civilization.

The Sisterhoods round about us, one Congregation of whom was really the founder of this great institution and center of Catholic training, have been the exemplars of all we seek as the highest type of womanhood. These Sisterhoods have illustrated exactly all the work that is being done for the conservation of civilization. They constitute the type to which we must go when the normal is interfered with, when catastrophes come and wars arise, when there is peril of famine or disease. The reason for this is that the Sisterhoods have cherished and kept that absolute consecration of soul and body to the work of God through the love of neighbors. The women who enter these communities give up everything absolutely, that they may dedicate themselves entirely and completely to the service of God and humanity, not for a day, not as a fad; not to put on a certain kind of garb and then take it off again when it is no longer fashionable, but to lay down their lives on the cross of self-abnegation.

We are familiar with this marvel of God's grace all through our Catholic lives. It becomes, in fact, so common, like the air we breathe, that we are scarcely conscious of its necessity for our spiritual life, of its manifold benefits to us. Thus it is that, when worldly people realize the wretchedness and emptiness of all that this world

offers, they instinctively go back to these types, at least as nearly as they can go, to understand or coöperate with them. The center and secret source of it all is self-sacrifice, that blessed lesson the Cross of Christ teaches.

The fundamental reason for all the disturbance that exists in modern civilization is selfishness. It is the cause of wars and famines, troubles in the labor world, social unrest and uprisings. It is the cause of socialism. These various conflicts of selfishness result in wars and social revolutions that from time to time break upon the world. We are now in the midst of one of these terrible catastrophes. We need not go back to the causes of the war; we accept them whole-heartedly as stated by our civil authorities. The life of a Catholic is entirely a life of trust, of confidence and faith in those who are placed in positions to lead their people.

Here is the great secret of the influence of the Catholic Church, an influence which is a constant occasion of wonder to the world. When Catholics undertake to do any work, how completely they do it, and that too, with very little of the means, money and instrumentalities that the world at large is accustomed to! The explanation is that Catholics undertake work in the spirit of devotion and submission to the will of God. I see this every day, and it is the bread of my life, after the bread which Almighty God Himself gives us as our spiritual food. The source of every consolation in my life is the spectacle daily before me of practical miracles worked in secret by people of whom the world knows little, the simple, devoted souls who are tireless in God's service.

At the Cathedral we have the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, which accomplishes so much in its quiet way, so quiet, indeed, that few even suspect it. There we have

men who, though physically exhausted after the hard work of the day, and sometimes perhaps, on account of scanty meals, allow no day to pass without making a kindly visit to the poor families of this district. It is an inspiration to know the work of these men. Would to God the whole world could know it! These men are not among the prosperous of the community. They have to toil hard for their daily bread, yet, when that toil is over at night, they turn to this great service of brotherhood. They are not known as social workers, but every day they visit the families of the poor to find out their pressing needs, to make provision for the sick, to inform the priest and the society, so that needed aid may be promptly given. This is but one instance. The Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul are active in this labor of love throughout the Diocese all the time.

These are merely illustrations of the many forms of good work that are being carried on constantly by various Catholic organizations.

I am glad that Mr. Hoover has sent Miss Manly to Boston, not only because she can see for herself what is being done and make a report — something we never thought of making — of the great success which our efforts have attained, but also because she can note what this meeting has shown to us all, the intelligent coöperation that has been evinced on the part of our Catholic women working in complete harmony with others interested in this food conservation movement.

This war, terrible as it is, has been the occasion of many blessings. The first thing that every American thinks of when he rises in the morning is that his country is at war, and the first thing every Catholic does, I am sure, knowing that his country is at war in behalf of justice, is to

kneel and ask Almighty God to give our people victory, and that, soon. The Holy Father is working tirelessly for peace, a final, complete, honorable and lasting peace. This should be the burden of our prayers every day of our lives.

The war is teaching us the good lesson of thrift. Not selfish thrift, there is no need to encourage that. Already there is too much of the philosophy of life that would turn men into money-making machines. What we are learning is the Christian and Catholic idea of thrift, that whatever God gives us should not be wasted, but conserved for right purposes and the good of our neighbor. The Catholic Church has implanted that right spirit in our hearts. The present situation affords us abundant opportunity for its exercise.

The rich need the training that war has given them and they have accepted it. People of moderate means need it also. Money was plentiful in America and there has been much unnecessary expenditure. The poor, too, need the lesson of thrift, of carefulness. They must learn what to do and how to use wisely what they have.

This is not merely a program to be followed during the war; it ought to be continued after the war is over. I trust that our Catholic women, who are doing such good work now, will follow it up and see to it that our good people who come from other lands, where they know how to live, are dealt with in the proper spirit.

There is a tendency among us to accept a false idea of civilization; to deal with Syrians as if they knew nothing about life, or with Italians as if they were unfamiliar with the customs of civilization. This is due to a hard, unsympathetic view of the situation which the American social worker too often takes. The Italian and French poor are

thrifty people. The principal thing they need to learn is the meaning of the changed condition they find here. Their own ways are good and it would be unwise to attempt to convert them into Americans all at once. The great thing for them is to have the American spirit in their hearts, and this is uniformly the case; in fact, they often realize the true American spirit much better than those who try to teach them. In general, the sacredness of individual rights ought to be kept in sight always. Our duty is to respect the poor and coöperate with them in sympathy and affection, which is the very lesson the Church teaches.

I am glad that we have with us to-day Mrs. Thayer and Miss Arnold, the representatives of the state and the city. What has been lacking in the past was unity. I speak frankly, for I have neither time for, nor faith in any talk that lacks frankness. I consider that it has been a mistake that people in America have been living in absolutely divided groups, and that some were so attached to this division that they desired to see it continue.

That is a false system of civilization. It does not exist in the old Catholic countries and the fact that it has been absent has been a blessing to them. There you will find the rich living in touch with the poor. In consequence, they do not disdain their less fortunate neighbors, but know their lives and difficulties, sympathize with them and help them. This is true civilization, and, wherever it is lacking, there is a chasm of dislike between the wealthy and the needy.

Until recently, the people of this community who lived in the more favored quarters of the city knew very little about those who lived in the poorer sections. Such a condition argues a pagan idea of civilization. That there

should be new quarters in any new country like this is quite natural, but that division and lack of sympathy should exist is wrong. It is exactly this which is breeding socialism and discontent and working to the detriment and demoralization of society. We cannot undo what has been done, but we can and must remove the barriers between the rich and poor as far as possible.

There will always be social distinction, but there should not be antipathy, for that means the destruction of order and unity, and without unity we not only cannot win this war, but we cannot go on very well after the war. Hence I am glad that we have here two leaders who understand this problem, who have come to work with us, and with whom we are most willing to coöperate.

I was born in New England and have lived in it all my life except when in Rome, though I am glad that I lived in Rome a little time and not always in New England. The experience has been valuable. I love New England in every sense of the word; my heart is here, my life-work here. It is my duty to give my best efforts for the betterment of New England. One thing that will make for that happy result is the elimination of antipathy between races here in a country where all races must finally mingle. That antipathy has worked much harm and it will work more if it is not checked. My single voice will not accomplish the desired result, but whatever I can do will be done. I shall speak for the unity of the people until I can speak no more.

This is no more than the duty of a Catholic Bishop, and he must fulfil it under pain of God's disapprobation. He must stand for the truth. Among the non-Catholics are many noble characters who have distinguished themselves by the best traits that human nature can possess.

Nevertheless a trend in the wrong direction can be marked among us. We are building up a false aristocracy. I call it 'false' because it is on a false basis. It should never be forgotten that it was plain, common people from Europe who here worked out their salvation and the salvation of the country.

Keeping this fact in mind will help to preserve the unity of our people and protect them from divisions and misunderstandings. There is no need to stimulate what often appears to be a merely artificial union. What we need is real unity and mutual sympathy. That is what we must work for, now and always. May God bless the work our good Catholic women are doing along these lines.

To the representatives from Washington I would say: Take back to all your people this, our message; 'We do not need to be stimulated to work harder; we have the deepest love for America; we want to do our best and are doing it, for the winning of the war, whether as regards the conservation of food or the giving of the sons of these good mothers to the country's cause. We are one fifth of the population; we have given thirty-five per cent of the soldiers. That is proof beyond any words of mine.'

May God bless all who work together for the triumph of our country's cause, for justice to all and for Christian ideals.

PASTORAL ON THE CARDINAL VIRTUES[1]

WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, of the Title of St. Clement, Archbishop of Boston, to the Reverend Clergy and People of the Diocese, Health and Benediction.

Once more returns the Holy Season of Lent, and our tired minds, wearied by a thousand perplexities, and our heavy hearts, torn by a thousand griefs, welcome its sacred hours of retirement and quiet as a favor from Heaven, since only by withdrawing momentarily from the turmoil of anxiety and worry all about us we may renew our vigor of spirit and gather strength for whatever the morrow may hold for us.

Surely no one can be so blind as to fail to see not only the pressure of present urgent duties but also very clearly the trying problems which lie before us.

These problems, whose solution is bound to affect not ourselves alone but the whole world, must, if they are to be solved right, be faced with a clear vision of responsibility and a firm determination to stand by results through weal or woe.

Since our form of government, more than any other, relies for its direction and progress upon the uprightness of view and steadfastness of purpose of the individual citizen, it follows that we, more than others, are bound to keep well before our minds the straight and strong principles upon which individual virtue rests, and by which it grows stronger as it enlarges into the nation's conscience.

[1] Given at Boston, January 25, 1918.

Whoever casts his glance even superficially over the warring world of humanity cannot fail to see that, underlying the fierce physical conflict, there is a whole realm of shifting and seething moral turmoil, partly cause, partly effect of this war. Indeed, no student of history can fail to recognize that the present upheaval is but another of those ever-recurring crises in the story of humanity, when the seed of false principles, sown in darkness and nurtured by deceit, lies dormant for a while, and then suddenly blossoms into a deadly weed whose foul sight darkens the day and whose poisonous vapors vitiate life. Who now looking back over the half century past can be so dull of vision as not to see that all those things which to-day we so vigorously detest, and denounce as hurtful and fatal, were until very recently held up to us as signs of progress and the golden key to national development and individual greatness?

We can still hear distinctly the denunciations hurled against those who refused to bend the knee to the god of mere individualism, mere money, and mere efficiency. It was, we were told, a period bound to usher in the expected era of world-wide perfection and prosperity. Because a few men by doubtful methods had, with hands of steel and hearts of stone, wrenched from the industry of millions unheard-of wealth, we were told, and were abused if we did not believe, that these were but signs and portents of a golden age for all.

When carrying into the policy of nations this same utterly selfish code, a few rulers forgot completely their common international duties and relations, recognizing only the isolated splendor of a segregated and self-satisfied group of their own subjects, closing their eyes to the woes and sufferings which this régime was working

upon the smaller and weaker peoples oppressed by their greed and arrogance. Again we were told that the world was at last entering upon an era of perpetual glory. Science, machinery, efficiency, cold-blooded enforcement of a materialistic philosophy to the exclusion of the ideals and principles upon which Christian civilization rests, these were the columns of strength erected as the bulwarks of the great millennium, the twentieth century. Who among us now does not recall this cant and its false prophets?

What a tower of gold they were building whose summit should pierce the heavens! Nay, there were to be no more heavens, and even the lights of heaven were to be forever extinguished! We know now that the tower was after all only another Tower of Babel, whose half-finished structure even now is tumbling about the heads of those who impiously attempted to rear it.

The Church, through whose teaching and influence the nations of Europe were founded, looked on sadly, though not silently, at the blasphemy. Again and again saintly Popes, whose very holy office renders their zeal as disinterested as it is sacred, warned these vainglorious rulers and impious prophets of the folly of their dreams and the falsity of their principles.

Leo XIII by one Encyclical after another, all universally acknowledged as masterpieces of profound wisdom and practical foresight, warned France and Germany and England and Italy of the futility of building a house upon sand or a government upon fables.

Pius X, seeing in his later years the rapid approach of the catastrophe which burst upon Europe and all the world just as he closed his eyes forever, reëchoed again and again the solemn warnings of his sainted predecessor.

But the nations of Europe had apostatized. For daring to speak the truth, religion was punished, and so has happened what must have happened in the end, for not with impunity is God mocked.

Higher and higher the conflagration has reached, and now America has faced the fire, not, thank God, to fan the flames, but to extinguish them soon, and, if possible, forever.

Now that the day of reckoning for all the nations has arrived, it would be but puerile and would serve no good purpose for us to pretend that we have always read aright the signs and portents, which should have been a beneficent warning to Europe, and are still so to our country.

The time has arrived when we, as sincere men, should look into our innermost hearts and by honest self-examination prepare for ourselves and our beloved country a great future, founded, not upon flattering falsehood, but stimulating truth.

Even this war will not settle everything. The very first day of peace will bring with it problems just as difficult, just as arduous and just as clamorous for solution as this bitterest of all wars. It will not be the demigods of finance nor the supermen of arms who will settle these claims. With this war their supremacy will have passed forever, and, let us hope, with them, all the misery and ruin they have caused.

We have a right to be proud of the fact that America has not entered this raging conflict for any selfish purpose. Our President, nobly voicing the ardent soul of the whole nation, has made it clear to the world and to history forever that, whatever comes, we have faced our national duty with a clear conscience. We want no land, no

tribute, no gold, no vengeance. We want only justice and a peace which shall be secure.

It is well to feel that in the very sublimity of our purpose is our whole strength. So long as we keep that clearly before our conscience as a nation, so long shall our nation stand as a glory to humanity and an eternal rebuke to our enemy, even before we strike the first blow.

When we remind ourselves that this whole nation has arisen as one man and pledged life and limb and treasure to see to it, come what may, that no more may might usurp the place of right, that no more may the strong oppress the weak, that no more may the heartless few wrong the lowly many, we may justly feel that, no matter what our sacrifices, America will never perish, but from this day forth she will stand among the nations, not only more powerful than any other, but, what is of infinitely greater value, more powerful just because she was more unselfish.

The art of command arises chiefly from personal ascendancy, and the highest claim to superiority is that which is based upon disinterestedness.

Standing as we now do upon the threshold of a new world, a world which America, under God, will have the greatest share in fashioning if only she follows the voice of God, we need more than ever before as individuals and as a nation to scrutinize well our own past failings, and search keenly the divine mandates for future guidance.

To-day America leads and true leadership thinks not of glory but of responsibility.

To Washington Almighty God, the Ruler of the world, gave a clear vision that this nation might begin its course aright. To Lincoln heaven imparted that superb sense

of love of the plain people which guided the Union through dangerous years.

To the rulers and citizens of America to-day neither vision nor justice must be lacking if we are to maintain our glorious traditions and see to it, "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

All these considerations of national and international import are now brought forward only that they may serve to teach every citizen of the nation that personal sense of duty which, well performed, alone can bring to the whole nation the strength needed for the days just now before us, and this blessed season of Lent should be welcomed by all as a time to study the needs of our own souls and acquire those virtues, which, more than arms, will bring us victory.

From Ash Wednesday until Holy Saturday let us consecrate each day to useful labor, serious meditation and humble supplication.

It is no time for frivolous amusement or wasteful expenditure either of energy or money.

The spirit of Lent is a spirit of retirement, of sacrifice and of calm self-examination, that we may become stronger by virtue — for the very nature of virtue connotes strength, the strength which enables us to overcome ourselves and to subdue all our enemies.

We must put aside and unreservedly the false conceits which flatter the senses and ruin the soul. We must by a great imperious act of the will discard peremptorily the foolish maxims of a self-deceiving world which have brought only war and ruin, and return generously, simply and sincerely to the feet of Christ, our Sacred Redeemer, the one eternally true Teacher of a life that is real.

With the ashes of penitence upon our brows and the vision of the cross before our souls, let us renew the health of mind and heart at the only fountain of real life — the Truth of God.

We are holding up to all the nations a wondrously fine ideal of international justice. Let us not fail first to realize the splendid vision in our own souls.

Whatever comes of war or peace, certain it is, that every one of us will soon need all the sanity of mind, all the sacredness of right, all the firmness to do and to suffer, all the ingenuity of thrift that we can call to our command. These qualities of sound reason and moral uprightness are the things which, more than all else, the whole nation will need in its days of stress and strain. What are these qualities after all but the old-fashioned virtues made known to us in earliest youth by the familiar names of Prudence, Justice, Fortitude and Temperance?

He who, during the Holy Season of Lent, will daily turn mind and heart to the study and the acquisition of these four pillars of moral and mental greatness will find, when Easter comes, that he is well equipped and perfectly ready to do his complete duty to God and country.

Nothing short of a willingness to perform that complete duty, first in our own souls and then translated into valiant deeds, will save our country and ourselves from dire calamity, either during this war or when, God willing, peace has come upon the nation and the whole world.

Now let us briefly reflect upon what these virtues stand for and why they, more than feats of arms, must be our refuge and our safety.

Prudence

One of the first and most obvious phenomena of war is the confusion of mind and the warping of judgment coincident with its outbreak. This very confusion of the intellect reacts violently upon the will, to the great detriment of the nation's calmness and firmness so necessary precisely in times of strain.

For the hour passion rules, hate triumphs, and passion and hate are precisely the very poorest and falsest guides either to the individual or the nation, just when, most of all, proper direction of energy and action is most necessary.

The times being abnormal, the equilibrium of judgment is momentarily upset. Fortunate, indeed, then, is the nation whose head remains cool.

It is a matter of psychological experience, which even among us has been somewhat verified, that men say and declaim the very last things which can serve any useful purpose. Has Christianity failed? Has God abandoned His creatures? Has religion vanished from the earth? These and many other such utterly insane questions were being hurled through space at precisely the time when of all things what most was needed was the very firmest faith in God's justice, God's providence, and the triumph of God's law.

When mere force seems for the moment to prevail, just then it will prevail deservedly, if there is no one left who believes absolutely that it cannot.

When the eternal values are forgotten, of course the merely temporal values of things thrust themselves upon the scales; and the whole sane system of weights and measures being thrust aside, mankind is cheated by itself, and the whole norm of human life is lost.

It is the virtue of Prudence which ignores passion and preserves vision — and vision is as necessary to the nation as it is to the man behind the gun.

Prudence is the guide to right reason. Only the prudent, just because they see both straight and far even through all the hate and passion all about them, can be relied upon in times like these to guide the ship of state, to see the real dangers and to meet them prepared.

If we are to reach the purpose of life, we must see clearly the path which leads to it. If we are to live and act highly and nobly, we must see very clearly both the ways and the means for virtuous life and action.

The soul which is blind to God can in the end find only mire. The nation which sees red will surely in the end miss the mark either in battle or in legislation.

It is aim that in the end counts most for the President, the General, the soldier and the civilian. It is Prudence which must guide men, whether they aim at the enemy of peace or the enemy of humanity.

It is only when God's light shines clearly in the soul that passion is subdued; and passion is not only a waste of time but a barrier to a happy eternity. It is not only a false guide in war, but it is a deception which menaces our eternal peace. It no more serves to get the true range for the gunner than it does to gauge the true point of our eternal destiny.

Passion destroys Prudence and Prudence must, if we are to win the war, not only this one but the eternal war against sin, so become our sure possession, that in every emergency of mental confusion now and hereafter, in war and in peace, we shall see straight, see well, see far, so far that God Himself will ever and always be completely and clearly full within our final range of vision.

In health and wealth and honor, in disaster and distress and direst grief — always, distinct and unblurred, we must, if we are not utterly to fail, see God — God's justice, God's mercy, God's infinite love. In just that lies the strength and undying vigor of mind which only the prudent may possess. It is the highest intelligence through which shines the very wisdom of God.

Justice

We have taken as our war slogan the noblest motto of a nation — For God and the Right — and that slogan sums up the whole virtue of Justice.

Prudence directs the mind, Justice moves the will. Without Justice civilized life is impossible.

The individual or the nation that, rejecting law, does merely what is either pleasant or profitable, that moment lays violent hands upon the highest and holiest protection of life, whether personal or national. He becomes, not merely in figurative speech but in literal truth, a brigand, a pirate, a menace to the world as far as its vital spot is vulnerable. God's revelation assures us that: "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmarks" (Deut. xxvii, 17).

Without Justice and the observance of law, there can be neither government, nor safety, nor peace nor possession.

It is so absolutely essential even to the existence of states that it must be upheld at any and every cost, or the world would revert inevitably to mere barbarism. The word of God assures us that, "In abundant justice there is the greatest strength" (Proverbs xv, 5) — and when injustice enters, ruin follows.

Justice is the will to render to each his due. Man's intercourse with man, trade, contracts, wages, employ-

ment, commerce, all the relations which regulate the various methods by which men and nations work, travel, earn and possess are dependent upon its strict observance.

Justice regards our most sacred rights, God's rights over all His creatures, the State's rights over all its citizens, the citizen's rights over all his property, the laborer's rights over his own services.

There is no single portion of what we possess or own or earn that is not safeguarded by justice. The very foundations of collective existence, of family, of firm, of organization, of government fall when Justice falls.

"The house of the wicked shall be destroyed, but the tabernacles of the just shall flourish" (Proverbs XIV, 11). If there are no rights, there is no law; and if one may take by force what is not his, nothing is secure.

All this is not merely the outcome of convention. That is the doctrine which to-day is driving society into anarchy. It is because Justice is founded in the very essence of things — it is God's law written in our very hearts.

No wonder those who would destroy the sacredness of human rights first deny God. Even they clearly understand that without God human rights have no other basis than mere changeable human agreements.

Now we are at war precisely because America is determined, come what may, that the foundations of civilized life and national existence shall be preserved and protected.

We must, therefore, unless we are fighting for a myth, fight first of all that God's eternal law shall be acknowledged. If God's law is ignored, then brute force becomes the only arbiter of justice; and if we are determined, as we must be, that never again shall an international contract be treated as a scrap of paper, then to be consistent

we must go back to the genesis of all rights and contracts and acknowledge our own duties to the Eternal Lawgiver whence all justice proceeds.

Logically, since we are fighting for justice, since we stand ready to defend that sole protection of nations and individuals, by giving all that we have, our very lives if necessary, we must not fail to cultivate justice among all classes of our citizens, lest we end by only beating the air. If we allow the rich to steal with impunity and close our eyes to the theft just because the sum is enormous, then no real spirit of justice animates our commercial life, but the very piracy which we are now justly fighting. If because a citizen is poor and without influence he can be defrauded of his just earnings, where is our national virtue of Justice?

The fruit of injustice is more injustice. The tyranny of a despot brought first revolution and then anarchy. The story of Russia is not merely a sad picture, it is a dreadful warning.

The State must respect the rights of individuals if it is to merit respect for itself in turn. A State which robs a perfectly legal organization, simply because it is called the Church, is lacking in the very rudiments of that virtue which alone can impose order upon its rebel citizens.

Law is all a cycle — to be effective, it must be complete. It must begin with God and reach to the least of men, or else it has left out precisely the very requisite which can give it permanency and firmness.

Where law is not respected, legislators are useless. Where legislators are venal, law becomes a mockery and an insult. Justice is upheld, but who will uphold law; God or force? There can be no middle term that will bear a hard strain in a final test.

Let us, therefore, realize that God is the foundation of all law — that is what makes law so sacred, since, "He that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God" (Romans XIII, 2). Let us learn first to obey His law and all others will be easy — nay pleasant.

It is pitiful to witness the blind inconsistency of men's actions. They see very clearly that the Church of God is the only real bulwark of justice, yet they are constantly attempting to stifle her life and belittle her practical influence. What sense is there in tying her hands and then complaining that she does not help them?

They recognize that even now the menace of anarchy is imminent and that the only alternative to predominance of mere numerical strength and brute force, both the tools of anarchy, is the religion which maintains the rights of ownership as a most sacred corollary of the doctrine of Justice.

They must know, because they are shrewd men, that between anarchy and their possessions the only bulwark is the Catholic Church, for she alone speaks with real authority to the multitude. Yet, with an obtuseness of vision as stupid as it is baneful, they treat her as if she were an enemy. They know they need her, but they only want to hire her as they would a policeman; and she will neither be bought nor hired, but, to Capital and Labor alike, she will teach the one same eternal truth of Justice. Justice to Capital and Justice to Labor, to each his due. Neither the threats of the one nor the sneers of the other will ever move her from that most sacred position.

She is the one organization in the whole world which has never recognized distinction of persons. Just for that very reason she is heard by all, because she is and must ever be the same to all, the pillar and ground of all

truth. She is the fearless protector of property against the greed of the lawless mob, just because she as fearlessly rebukes the selfish rich for being the chief cause of discontent among the toilers.

She tells them frankly that if the rich sin against Justice they have no ground for complaint if the poor follow their example.

The day is coming fast when both the employer and the employed must acknowledge equity in their dealings with each other, or the reign of disorder will punish both inexorably.

When Justice has taken possession of the will, then government is truly revered, judges are respected, the courts are honored, rulers, governors, magistrates are obeyed. When Justice prevails, mere insolent and obstructive criticism of those at the head of the nation will have no place among us, for the strength of the whole nation depends much upon the genuine sentiment of honor in which the whole people hold their superiors, both civil and religious.

If Progressivism means rebellious insolence toward those at the helm, then what is to prevent happening here what now exists in Russia, or what is to prevent our glorious Republic from becoming a realm of seething anarchy? "Keep ye judgment, and do justice" (Isaias LVI, 1). Let that sentence of Isaias be written by us indelibly in our hearts each day of the coming Lent, so that, by reverence for all legitimate authority, and respect and obedience for every just law and by perfect honesty in all our dealings, we may keep our individual conscience clear and bring a united strength to our nation, whose purpose now is to make Justice prevail not only among the nations but among her own citizens.

Our God is a just Judge Who rewards justice and punishes the dishonest. For He Himself has said, "I will judge thee according to thy ways, and I will set all thy abominations against thee" (Ezechiel VII, 3).

Fortitude

We are facing a time when even the strongest will need all their strength, the soldier in the field and the civilian at his post. There are ills which we must learn to endure as well as others we must learn to attack. We have not followed day by day the course of this world-struggle without learning even in detail what these ills are. Even to read them may well fill us with momentary fear, for moral strength does not consist in bravado but in bravery, and bravery consists precisely in facing courageously the thing we fear.

As Prudence lights the way to noble action and Justice moves the will to due purpose, so Fortitude strengthens us to face the dangers and difficulties which stand in the way of high achievement. Once the way dictated by right reason is clear, Fortitude steels the soul to walk it even in the face of death. The soldier marching to the front must, if he is a soldier at all, not only be ready to do, but be equally ready to die. Unless he is willing to face undying dishonor, he must face an honorable death.

The soldier once called to service leaves all else behind. Even the most sacred ties, even the tenderest bonds become for the moment but sacred memories which, because they are so sacred, must only strengthen his soul and consecrate his office as defender of home and fatherland. He must feel as Machabeus felt in the face of the foe when he said, "If our time be come, let us die man-

fully for our brethren and let us not stain our glory" (I Machabees IX, 10).

Along with the greater danger he must heroically accept the lesser inconveniences; the inclemency of the elements, the fatigue of the march, the coarseness of the fare and the separation from home. These are all things which the soldier must learn to bear. They are not agreeable things; they are not matters of choice, but they are the concomitants of war and inseparable from the soldier's lot everywhere.

War is not a pastime, it is a cruel condition at best; but, without the willingness to endure war, no nation can be sure of peace.

The virtue of Fortitude is especially the virtue of the soldier. It does not make him insensible, but it raises courage above sensibility. He feels the chill but his heart is warm. He knows death is near — that any moment it may come, but he realizes by Fortitude that there are things infinitely more valuable than life, and that in that supreme test he must keep his highest decision above terror.

He commends his soul to God, and in the strength of God he leaps into the peril — a peril which, at its worst, only abbreviates life, which in any event must end some time. Into a few moments he sees crowded the activities of a whole lifetime. Whether he will or not, he must now stand firm, and Fortitude makes him not only willing but eager to die that others may live.

In an age so full of a too softening luxury it is a wonderful spectacle to behold how splendidly our boys have stepped out of comfortable homes into the rugged duties of the camp.

There were plenty of reasons to fear that a long piping

peace had undermined the stalwart vigor of our citizens. But it was not so. Never perhaps in history was there such an honorable response to so stern and unprepared a call to arms as we have seen in these very recent months.

Religion in that quick emergency stood the test nobly. The men of the Holy Name Society had not marched through the streets of this City in vain. They little realized then that soon a sterner trumpet would blow, but their frequent confessions, their Holy Communions had done well their sacred work.

The valiant battle with temptation, the triumph of grace over sin were unconscious lessons which prepared them for the battle for justice. Day by day we learn with pride of their steadfastness, their loyalty, their ever growing courage to face unflinchingly the danger and the difficulties still before them.

If Fortitude is essential to the soldier, it is surely necessary in the home. The soldier loses his petty cares in the great adventure, but those left behind have only the common griefs and lonely hours which make no heroes, though borne heroically. The weary waiting, the long and protracted anxiety, the delayed hope, the absent son, the vacant chair, — are not these all biting griefs wearing the mind and harrowing the heart? If the soldier must face death, must not those at home face daily a grim and gloomy lengthening out of pains that grip the heart? Yet, it is not only the heroism of the soldier which must defend the nation. The quiet, constant, uncomplaining endurance of those at home is not less the necessary sustenance of the nation's valor and the nation's hope.

Courage is but one form of Fortitude. Endurance is another. Both are indispensable in times like these.

Only the soul filled with perfect confidence in God will really possess either or both. The man of faith knows full well that death after all is but the beginning of eternal life, and the woman of faith understands well that suffering is sanctified and glorious when borne for God and country.

The lesson of the Cross of Christ robs death of all its terrors and the sweet Mother of Sorrows assuages the grief of every woman who beholds Mary at the foot of the Cross.

So, by this great and powerful grace of Fortitude sent by God to strengthen the soldier and hearten the civilian, even in war, neither will yield to fear or grief, but looking up to God, our strength and consolation, they will be able to face without murmuring and with magnanimity whatever still lies before them.

But we must think in even far more general terms than the soldier and his loved ones at home if we are to give to the virtue of Fortitude the range of humanity that is its full field and scope.

It is after all not the soldier alone who must be prepared to offer his life. The Priest must do that daily when the needs of the flock demand it, and he does it without the slightest temptation to think of himself as a hero. The policeman and the fireman and the worker in the mines and the sea captain and the many other men in posts of danger — do not these, all of them, understand this duty as a part of the nature of their contract? Indeed not only the protection of nations, but the protection of municipalities, of industries, of homes constantly require the duty of facing imminent danger and death itself.

How often in places least suspected by the world men

must, in the face of disappointments, losses, griefs which threaten even sanity of mind, keep steadily on, courageously, silently, secretly suffering an agony from which death would be a welcome release, yet bravely covering their secret wounds with a smile. Ah, if we only knew! The world is full of heroes, whose sufferings will never be chronicled except by Him Who sees the souls of men. He it is Who comforts them and strengthens them to go on. When days are darkest and griefs fiercest, when nature can bear no more, then He comes, He whispers to the soul, "Courage. This will all soon pass, and then peace." Fortitude then banishes despair.

Did not youthful maidens smilingly face death for the Faith? If men must give their lives for an earthly fatherland, is the Kingdom of God worth less?

Give us, O God! the precious gift of divine strength that we may face danger manfully and suffer pain uncomplainingly, but, most of all, that we may confess Thee before all the world, and be willing — nay, glad — to die for our Holy Faith.

Temperance

The word temperance means moderation. The virtue of moderation is opposed to excess. It is the golden mean which holds the balance between extremes of luxury and extremes of asceticism. It is that wonderful combination of good sense, good judgment and honest enjoyment which helps man to take a sane position in human pleasures, and keep himself free from over-indulgence or mere sullenness or moroseness.

The good God, our loving Father, not only wishes us to be happy; He has even planned our happiness, just as every loving father does for his dear children. Within the large boundaries which His tender goodness has set,

man, every man may find it. Beyond those boundaries lies only the penalty of excess — misery. He who observes the boundaries has joy of heart and peace of conscience. He who leaps them, finds himself in a bed of thorns concealed by tinsel roses.

When the appetites are regulated by moderation, when men eat and drink and are merry according to the just proportion of the need for health and vigor of mind and body, then reason rules and sense is where it belongs, in service, not in command. Reason, not sensuality, must sit upon the throne of man's soul. Sense, if it does not understand its place and keep it, must be whipped and scourged and punished, until it acknowledges its base inferiority, and is willing to obey and not attempt to dominate the spirit of mankind. Sense is at best an unreliable servant, for it is ever ready to take a mean advantage even of kindness shown it. It is not a servant to be trusted to keep its place and do its proper work. It is constantly peering in through every chink and cranny of the soul, spying on its master, reason, and ready to spring at its throat the moment reason dozes.

Moderation keeps constant watch. It is the burglar-alarm that awakens the master when the thieving servant attempts an entrance to the inner shrine of the soul. Sense has its duties, good, wholesome, necessary duties, duties which, if only they are done as reason bids, will bear wondrous fruit to honor sense. Sense has no conscience. You cannot trust it. Instead of building up humanity, it is ever bent upon tearing it down. It has the body to feed for useful work, but it will if it can, if reason is not looking, pamper the body by gluttony and drunkenness into mere brutality. It has the preservation and propagation of the human race to accomplish nobly;

but if reason's back is turned, sense will lure Chastity to Lust.

Sense is a poor brute thing. It never will understand responsibility. It seems never so content as when it is destroying health by over-indulgence, the home by infidelity, the State by arrogance, the press by vulgarity, the stage by obscenity, the world by excess in everything.

What is to be done with such a stupid, irresponsible, inane thing but chain it? Even chained it must be guarded. Why should we be shocked to see the world at war, since within us every hour of our lives this utterly relentless war is raging between right reason and stupid, vicious, blind sense? Only the virtue of moderation, practiced constantly and always, can save our sane enjoyment from deteriorating into mere sensuality in one form or another. Once sensuality becomes master, men become little by little so shameless as to glory in their shame.

Saint Paul sums it all up when he says, "For many walk, of whom I have told you often (and now tell you weeping), that they are enemies of the Cross of Christ: — Whose end is destruction; whose God is their belly; and whose glory is in their shame; who mind earthly things" (Philippians III, 18–19).

"They are enemies of the Cross of Christ." There is the first indictment which includes all the others, which is the cause of all the others. The cross means self-denial. They who love the cross have found moderation through discipline. They who by rejecting discipline abandon themselves to excess begin by hiding the cross and end by hating it.

To those whose God is their belly and whose glory is

their shame, the cross is a flaming rebuke. From the anger of rebuke they soon pass to the insanity of hate.

If history proves anything, it proves this — the insensate hate which some governments and some individuals manifest both for the Cross of Christ and His Church which preaches His Cross, and it is all explained here in detail by the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

Self-denial, self-discipline, the subduing of sense, the constant vigilance over appetite, the complete ascendancy of right reason over the body, that is the only sane rule of life, which does not lead, as every other must, to destruction — destruction of health, of intellect, of strength, of purpose, of self-command, of energy, of happiness, of the hope of Heaven.

A nation accustomed to this discipline is ready for any emergency. A nation, which yields to self-indulgence, to drink, to a vicious press, to obscenity in the theatre, to divorce as a legal covering for vice, to the stupid and shameless immodesty of woman's dress, to effeminacy of men, and the unsexing of women, must finally fall and deserves to.

The war certainly has done at least one good thing. It has enforced discipline upon our men, and it is gradually enforcing restraint upon women.

The restriction of both food and dress will, let us hope, teach those at least who sorely needed the lesson that there are nobler things in life than silly amusements, immodest dances, vulgar costumes and foolish display. All these are sins against both God and the nation.

Even now, in the midst of the horrors of war, there are some who do not understand that, if we are to win not only the war, but the right to continue freemen, every man and woman of the land must learn that moderation

is the sane rule of life — moderation in wealth, in food, in the very comforts of life.

There is something radically wrong in the man and woman who, while our boys are facing death for our protection, grumble and complain at the slightest diminution of their already excessive luxury and pleasure.

The Holy Season of Lent by its law of fasting, prayer and almsgiving teaches in a wonderfully wise and practical way the law of temperance in all things.

Self-command comes by the exercise of self-denial. The will must be taught to say NO to the senses. If the senses persist in their obstinacy, they must be whipped into submission.

By indulgence the will becomes flabby, soft, inactive. Fasting, prayer and alms exercise it into firmness, alertness, consistency: fasting, because pampering the taste only strengthens the rule of sense; prayer, because it elevates the soul which sense is constantly dragging down; alms, because, like everything worth getting, moderation is worth paying for — and precisely in money, because the selfish man thinks more of money than he does of his soul.

Lent teaches us to make room for the best things by throwing away the cheap ones. The air-ship will not rise if the engine is clogged or the ballast is too heavy. It is just as unreasonable to expect the soul to rise into a purer, brighter, nobler atmosphere, the atmosphere of a good and sane and holy life, if the senses are clogged by gluttony and if the drag of sensuality is pinning it to the earth.

Yet we must rise. We must rise, as a nation, to the splendid opportunity of leadership before us, we must rise as individuals, because God above beckons us upward. Each single day of Lent, we must lighten the

burden holding us down, each day we must gain another grade of supremacy over our senses that the spirit may soar to clearer heights.

Let us, by the spirit of Lent, turn opportunity into virtue. Let us seize the occasion of our country's need to use properly and spare willingly food, money, leisure, amusement, one or another or all, as we are able to do so. Even though the nation's needs did not demand it, Lent teaches self-denial for our own self-discipline and as the means of acquiring the domination of reason over sense.

Let the holy spirit of Lent sanctify the spirit of patriotic service. Let us, by spiritual coöperation, so strengthen the national fibre by the practice of self-denial, that, when peace comes, the whole nation will have acquired that sturdiness of character which alone can stem the decadence threatened by excessive wealth.

Even during war, we must prepare for peace. For, by God's mercy, peace is coming in God's good time — the peace for which we of America have both prayed and fought, and fought while we prayed.

When, at last, the belligerents lay down their arms, the world will acknowledge gratefully that, to the Holy See, more than to any other power on earth, was due the final agreement to sheathe the sword and come to reasonable terms.

Impartially, tirelessly, fearlessly, as becomes Christ's Vicar, Benedict XV has utilized the world-influence of his sacred office to mitigate the horrors of war and bring it to a just and early conclusion.

We have witnessed with pain some of the pusillanimous manœuvres to frustrate his noblest efforts in the cause of, not one, but all the nations.

The world at large will not submit to be blinded by

such pettiness. All honest men are united, and we, his spiritual children, first among them, in recognizing gratefully the noble impartiality of his intervention and the splendid perseverance of his endeavor.

In a most difficult and trying position, he has been influenced by neither threats nor cajolery, though these, be assured, have not been wanting, but has held immovably to the only straight course possible for the common father of all.

It is a sorry spectacle to behold the very influences, which have never permitted an opportunity to pass without assaulting religion and diminishing by every method in their power the exalted prestige of the Papacy, now churlishly grumbling because the Head of the Christian Church will not consent to be a mere tool in their hands.

That game has been tried by greater men than these and has always failed. They cannot have it both ways — they cannot in the same breath deride the Papacy and ask its influence when it suits their purposes.

The Holy See will serve humanity, yes, even civil government, by standing for justice: but it cannot and it will not become a mere partisan. It will willingly give to the world the benefits of its tremendous influence for the equilibrium of right; but it must itself be free.

Benedict XV has little considered the honor due his labors; he looks only to God for his reward; and the results of his untiring work will be his highest encomium. May God bless and preserve the Pope, and guard and protect the Papacy which again, as in the past, has proven its influence for the welfare of all the nations.

Let us too, beloved children in Christ, offer up to God our Lenten prayers and devotions, that God may strengthen our souls by His holy virtues of Prudence,

Justice, Fortitude and Temperance, so that those in the field of battle and those at home may bring added strength and endurance to the nation in its need, and salvation and eternal happiness to our souls.

In this emergency, as in all others, the Catholic Church of Christ is ever the surest, sanest and most practical guide even in all human affairs.

The very virtues which she inculcates as a preparation for the Kingdom of Heaven are precisely those which best fit us to be upright, honest, patriotic citizens of our beloved country.

She has witnessed the rise and fall of nations, and, besides her twenty centuries of experience, she has the Wisdom of God. It is she, not we, who speaks to you, beloved children, through these letters. It is from her great Apostles, her brave Martyrs, her just Confessors that we have gathered the lessons which we have been minded thus to ask you to study during the coming Lent.

We must remember that there is no royal road to virtue. We must each of us literally work out our own salvation. It is no easy road to travel — it is no easy victory to win.

Did we rely upon our own powers of mind and heart, we should fail miserably, as all must fail who attempt to attain virtue without religion, and who, without God, aspire to moral greatness. But God is very near us — always like a good Father, nearest when most we need Him.

His grace is offered us — nay, thrust upon us during the Holy Season of Lent. We have but to open our hearts humbly, put aside self generously, and follow faithfully where He has led the way.

It will mean sacrifice — it will mean perhaps suffering, it will surely mean effort, hard and constant and patient

effort. If we are faithful the victory is sure. Indeed it is the only victory that is absolutely certain.

The daily Mass, the daily Communion — or if not daily, frequent — the word of God, the experience of the saints, the persevering prayer, the daily acts of self-denial, these are the aids which we have easily at hand, these the armor and the arms which will help us on our way, and help us in our struggle. For it is a struggle. Let no one deceive himself. It is a hard and bitter struggle.

The great Apostle of the Gentiles upon the feast of whose conversion we send you this sacred message knew it well when he triumphantly said, "I have fought a good fight — I have kept the faith" (II Timothy IV, 7), and the great "Vessel of Election" has shown us clearly that, if we will, by God's grace we may be clear-sighted and honest and brave and moderate.

He too had once relied upon human knowledge and knew it had failed him, when in the flash of God's wisdom he lost carnal sight and beheld Christ.

He too had been a cruel soldier, fighting truth, until the Truth tempered his cruelty into Christian courage.

He too had followed injustice, until the Sun of Justice rose in his own soul.

He too had lived immoderately, until Christ's sweet law taught him the sane middle course of virtue.

May his wondrous example help us all to acquire these four great virtues which, embracing all the others, are the foundations of the perfect life.

We, beloved children, beg you, as St. Paul begged his children in the faith, to pray fervently for us who, though holding the Sacred Office of teacher, need far more than any of you to be taught; that we too may, by God's help, be given the light and strength worthily

to do God's holy will in all things, lest, while teaching others, we ourselves become a castaway.

May the coming Holy Season be one of great spiritual profit to us all, people, priests, and Bishop; and may the blessing of God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon us and abide with us forever.

Given at Boston,
on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, the Apostle,
January 25, 1918.

FEDERATION, A MIGHTY INFLUENCE[1]

GENTLEMEN of the Federation: We are living to-day in a world that is changing under our very eyes, and changing so suddenly that we do not really know what is going to happen next week. National boundaries are being wiped away over night. The world is fashioning itself into a new order.

If this were merely a panorama, something seen through a kaleidoscope, it would be most fascinating, but unfortunately it is an awful reality. What it means we know. It is a terrific stress and strain on man-power, making nations desolate, and where it will stop we do not know.

As events shape themselves from day to day, it would seem that another war is beginning. When we thought some sort of prospect of peace was at hand, the whole thing suddenly shifted. Now the Far East comes into play. They who were technically and financially interested in the Far East knew that for two or three generations conditions there had been changing rapidly. I have travelled in Japan and have seen enough of that enterprising country, which typifies all the Far East, to realize that at any moment there might be an explosion that would involve half a world.

We in the West did not bother our heads very much about these things, though there had been talk of Japan, China, the Philippines and what was called the Yellow Peril. Now, however, the vaguely expected has suddenly

[1] Address to Federation leaders in Cathedral School Hall, Sunday, March 10, 1918.

been precipitated by the defection of Russia and Japan stepping into the breach. Who can forecast the consequences of these developments? I am sure nobody knows. There are so many unsettled problems that, once the germ begins to work on a world in turmoil, all hands will try to advance their own particular solutions, and thus the horrible disorderly condition will be prolonged.

We in the United States have not been personally afflicted much as yet, but the prospects of the future are well calculated to fill us with foreboding. But there are other considerations, affecting us in common with the rest of the world, and giving only too many reasons for dread.

Not only are national boundaries being shifted and national questions pressing for the arbitrament of war; not only is the world being changed, but under our very eyes the moral order is being imperilled. This to us is of the most intimate and deepest significance.

For hundreds of years the nations have been playing with Christianity, ever since the thirteenth century, when that remarkable flowering of Christianity took place, when it seemed that everything beautiful and noble in human nature bloomed. Then men saw the glory of the Church, felt the inspiration of majestic saints, of great pioneers of science, of the Old Masters in art. As we look back on that period to-day, it would appear that all this was made manifest to typify and illustrate what Christianity could do, working on the soul, heart and mind of humanity. The phenomenon was almost too much for earth. It would seem that it is not good for mankind to witness the full triumph of Christianity in this vale of tears, for a certain reaction and decay set in.

Whatever may have been the cause, shortly afterwards

luxury began to creep in and invade even the sanctuary. It was in the atmosphere of the day. The people of that time could not get away from it. It is easy to criticize those times and those people, but, after all, we human beings live in the atmosphere that prevails about us, and, unless we become anchorites isolated altogether from the world, we reflect our environment.

Faith began to weaken here and there, and the rulers intruded their power into high ecclesiastical places. The people had no share in all this. They had no share in the decadence anywhere. They seem to have looked on in amazement, partly but not very much influenced by what was taking place above them. Out of the pure heart of the people came those holy men and women whose like the Church has never witnessed in any other age before or since; St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Ignatius, St. Theresa, St. Catherine of Sienna, and the rest of that radiant company.

Then came the great Schism, what has been called the Reformation, and which was utilized by the rulers of those times to effect their unworthy purposes. They seized on a momentary weakness of the Papacy for their own aggrandizement. Yet, in that awful crisis, the one power that kept the unity of the Faith, as it had kept the kings in order, was the Papacy. The people were almost unconscious of what was happening, and the Faith was preserved in the very midst of all that corruption and ruthless materialism.

After the fearful storm there was left a broken Christendom. It had lost an enormous quantity of its strength. There was no longer that one authoritative voice that all had heeded, to which emperors, kings and magnates had bowed as well as the people. It had been the loyal

obedience of the people to the Pope that had kept the world in order, as it had been the only influence in all history that had kept humanity in order.

But now a very subtle and novel manœuvre was put into operation; the rulers of States succeeded in deceiving the people. When the subversive doctrines prevailed in high places in England, the people were not taken into confidence; they believed that things were as they had been for centuries. For a whole generation the English people believed they were attending Mass. All through the reign of Henry VIII this continued and even the king fooled himself; he was trying to pretend that he was a Catholic. There was at first no intention of abandoning Catholicity but of teaching the Pope a lesson, as it was phrased.

It was the same in Germany. The people were fooled. Meanwhile, a whole generation grew up, and, more and more, they came to accept the situation. So the evil has been working ever since, deeper and deeper into the fibre of certain nations, and constantly widening the field of its noxious activity. Division has been succeeded by sub-division and this by sub-sub-division, until we have I know not how many different sects of Christianity at the present time, no one of them paying the slightest attention to the others or to the Truth.

With all this division and sub-division what has become of the truth? What has become of principles? Frankly, they do not exist any more except in the Roman Catholic Church. There is an external deference which error pays to truth, a pretence of respect. There is still kept up a seeming allegiance to a few leading principles, which were of course the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church. The Divinity of Christ, for instance, was kept sacred by

the sects until quite recently, but now they have sacrificed even that.

What is left? Merely the shell of a social decency. That is all. Employers have robbed and ground the people as far as they could. The great capitalists have done what they liked, far more than any emperor or monarch of the Middle Ages ever dared attempt. Nobody has a right to do that sort of thing and nobody dares to say so in plain language. So they disguise the odious reality with stately, misleading phrases. We see around us and even in our own community instances of how the imperial capitalists subsidize men who have a standing with the people, who are believed to be men of personal integrity, subsidize them to preach the glorification of great wealth and cover its greedy schemes with benevolent guise.

Formerly it was the fashion for enemies of the Church to assert that the Bishops and priests kept the people subdued, told them to bow their heads to circumstances and not complain. But now this cry has died down. We do not hear of any more direct attacks on the Catholic Church from that quarter. We have even heard of a leader of the most advanced Socialists rising in the Italian Parliament and demanding why the Entente Allies failed to answer the Pope's note. The motive matters little, but the fact is important.

What we have really told the people all along and what we tell them to-day is: "Remember, in God's name, that this world is not the only one destined for us, that this existence is only a life that will soon be over, and then begins eternity. Do not give all your attention to worldly things and the amassing of money; they are not worth it."

We have bidden the people to be happy with what they

have, and then to ask Almighty God to give whatever may be good for them. Such wise and sensible counsel has always been construed by the Church's enemies as throttling the people and warning them against prosperity, but we have merely kept the eternal verities before their minds. When some point to Protestant nations as being the most prosperous, we say: "Admire it if you will, but that prosperity is all a lie. Such nations have simply evaded, avoided, or jumped over all true Christian principles and have built up material prosperity on a false basis. We do not consider that as real prosperity."

Protestants abandoned the great principles of Christianity when they threw off the Papacy; logically it was inevitable. They rebelled against the Pope only to bend their necks to the yoke of the meanest sort of master. We have seen this enacted under our own eyes. The children in the schools used to proclaim the popular contempt for kings and nobles, and, meanwhile, there was building here a plutocracy, the vilest kind of all autocracies. The old nationalities preserved at least the remnants of Christian principles that were accorded some respect by kings and courts, but the prevailing plutocracy scouts all Christian principles.

We are a republic and let us hope that all our expectations of the future of this republic will be verified, but there is no absolute law by which a republic is bound to be a sort of Utopia. The name of the form of government does not matter very much. It is the substance of the thing that counts, the real freedom of the people, the real liberty, not the mere appearance that enables half a dozen men to absorb the millions of the country and then patronize the people. That would be a sham democracy.

There is a great deal of sham about these matters, as is inevitably the case when there is lacking in any considerable number of the population the solid foundation of Christian sentiment, Christian principle and Christian law. Nothing else will hold the national fabric together and make for such a democracy as all elements in this country demand.

How are we Federationists interested in these conditions? Well, we are interested first of all as patriotic citizens of America to stand by our country. We are doing that in a splendid way. Already, more than fifty per cent of our Army and Navy are Catholic. When the whole story is told, it is very likely that sixty per cent of those fighting in our Army and Navy and engaged in government service will be Catholics. We are doing our duty in this matter. We have nothing to apologize for. We need not wave the flag or make the eagle scream; we can afford to forego such demonstrations. We accept what our national leaders ask us to do and perform it thoroughly and gladly.

But as Catholics we must go farther than this, deeper than this. What is going to happen to the world? Are all the old Christian principles to be entirely destroyed? Sometimes it looks that way. We know of course that this will not be. The words of Christ stand and His Church will last unto the end.

In the meantime, what is shaking the nations more than the terror of armies? It is just the abandonment of all Christian principles, and, really, the assumption of a new order which amounts to anarchy. We see something of this in the distracting events in Russia. The same phenomenon is manifest elsewhere, even in lands where we would least expect to find it. Even when we confine our

survey to this country, it is perfectly evident that there is little Christianity outside the Catholic Church. There is a great deal of eloquent paganism; there is also much undeniable anarchy and atheism. The elements of great trouble are all here; all they lack is a leader. It is a real peril.

We are living not merely in a time of change in national boundaries; we are living in a time when there is a threat of a complete convulsion of the moral order. Much of the war news is superficial, the accounts of attacks and forays. The truth is underneath. The hearts and minds of the peoples are convulsed. This is the outcome of throwing out all the laws and principles of Christ. What is left? A universal scramble for material things. There are some, to whom the wish is father to the thought, who say that this will prevail.

What will prevent such a catastrophe? What will bring the world back to its proper form of real order? Only one thing, the Faith of Christ. Who is to carry the Faith of Christ into that seething mass of people who do not want to hear and will refuse for a long time to give ear? You among the rest. You doubt the possibility of that? You say, "Why, we are few in numbers, we lack money and social influence." So did the Apostles. As for numbers, they were only twelve. It is your plain duty to do your part in preventing this appalling cataclysm, this downfall of moral principles. We must meet the issue. We dare not face God, if we evade this duty.

What then are we to do? Simply continue with good heart and unflagging zeal and perseverance what we have been doing for the past ten years to effect what ought to be done. Almighty God has given us great reason for consolation. He has blessed the work of our

hands and the words we have spoken. He has shown us what can be done when we put our hearts solidly into the work.

When I started Federation, we had only about forty men, but they were the salt of the earth in God's eyes, were entirely devoted and full of courage. From that nucleus has developed the present organization that now covers this entire district, and is recognized as one of the greatest influences for good in this large community.

Whenever a meeting is announced, whether it be in this city, or in Lawrence, Salem, Haverhill or elsewhere, you know that the hall is filled to overflowing with those who have been waiting, for hours before the doors were opened, for you to come and address them. In this practical way laymen thoroughly imbued with the high and dynamic principles of Christianity have gone out and dealt with the actual questions of the day in a manner at once popular and efficacious, have proved to themselves and the public that they have found a great duty and performed it splendidly.

If ever there was a time when there was need for such work, it is to-day. I say this with deepest conviction. It is one of the influences that will help stem the torrent of anarchy. The people have absolutely lost faith in the capitalistic class. They will not listen to them; they will hardly meet them. The work of Federation must come in here.

Doubtless you are sometimes discouraged because you fail to see practical results. The great practical results are not visible. They are the things of the soul, but they bring forth fruit in their own time. They are doing it already.

Think for a moment what would happen if the Catho-

lics of Massachusetts, of New England, were to throw off their faith in God, in the promise of God and the future destiny of their souls. If they did that, they would want to do as all others; they would say: "Let us get what we can to-day." Is it nothing to hold those forces in check? But we are doing far more than that. We are consolidating our laymen in the Faith and are making them active apostles of that Faith. That is the work of Federation.

This is the work I have asked Mr. Leslie to come and help us to do. It is a noble work. It is one into which these gallant Catholic knights have entered with a chivalry that is worthy of mediæval times. I know them. I know the sacrifices they make after a laborious day to travel from town to town, speaking in two or three towns a day, and, sometimes, three or four times a week. That shows their mettle, the quality of their practical Catholicism.

I have asked Mr. Leslie to come and speak to you, because, in some mysterious way, from the first time I read anything he wrote, it interested me. Long before I knew him personally, I felt something like a personal interest in the man. What he wrote was clarity itself, clear, clean, a sincere expression of fine thought. When we add to that gift the fact that he is a good Catholic and a good Irishman, it explains why I thought first and solely of Mr. Leslie, when it was a question of choosing a lecturer who would bring you a real message.

THE SOUL OF IRELAND[1]

It is always a blessed privilege for me to be here with you on this great feast day of our race, to offer up to Almighty God the holy sacrifice of the Mass for your welfare and your happiness, and to honor in every way possible the great and glorious Apostle of our race and Nation, Saint Patrick.

Every year on this Feast, as we recall the fruits, the labors and the triumphant success of our great Apostle, we see that, through long centuries of trial and persecution and suffering, the faith he implanted in the Irish heart has resisted the world and its blandishments and temptations, and remains to-day the glorious witness to the power of supernatural grace when it finds fertile and responsive soil. Nowhere else in the whole history of Christendom do we read of a people so responsive, and, at the same time, so constant as the Irish.

The great lesson of Christianity, which Saint Patrick came to teach, is that this mortal life is at best brief, that our eternal interest is in heaven, and that all the baubles of this world — gold, honors, ambition, position — would never for an instant recompense us for the loss of our eternal inheritance. That lesson of Saint Patrick, we can say, with a glorious sense of pride, has never been forgotten by the Irish Nation.

Ireland kept alive, during all the centuries, two wonderful things, and thereby gave a lesson to the whole world that had traded and bartered its birthright for a mess of pottage. It kept the faith of God, the faith of Christ, the

[1] Sermon in Cathedral to Ancient Order of Hibernians, March 17, 1918.

law of Christ as no other Nation and as no other people has in the whole history of Christendom.

And it has kept alive, again as no other Nation and no other people or race, the love of liberty. We hear a great deal nowadays about the sufferings and the trials of the weaker and smaller nations. It seems to be a new-found truth with many who have it so glibly on their tongues to-day, although they know that for seven centuries the Irish people struggled through the most revolting series of persecutions the world has ever known, to keep burning the lamp of liberty and to vindicate their own national rights, which they have never yielded and never will.

These are the two glorious virtues, supernatural and natural, that have distinguished our people throughout their history. Now when the Nations are brought to the bar of justice, now that they look back on their past and see how they have sold the things of God for the miserable things of to-day, let them, if they are genuinely honest and sincere, admit their error and right the wrong.

Beloved children of Saint Patrick, there is only one thing worth having in this life; it is the gift that our great Apostle brought to our Nation, the Catholic and Christian Faith. May God continue to preserve that in all its purity and strength in your hearts and in the hearts of your children. Somehow, I feel that that prayer is scarcely necessary. Saint Patrick, who loved our race and our people and our blood so much, has seen to it all through the centuries, and will continue to see to it, that our people never lose that precious gift.

May the blessing of Almighty God, through this union with His Son whose Body and Blood you have received this morning, keep your hearts alive to the perils of the

day, its materialism, its running after false gods, its forsaking the old ways of truth and virtue; and may the blessing of Saint Patrick, our dear, beloved Saint Patrick, — whom we love next to God and His Blessed Mother, because he brought to us the gift of God — be always with us, keeping alive the great gift of faith in our hearts and souls, and keeping alive, until, at last, the world will recognize it, our love of national liberty.

We love beautiful Erin as the land of our mothers and fathers, who brought to this country that strong affection which is so characteristic of the Irish people. They brought to America the devotion, the loyalty and the fidelity that are ours. As God has watched over the wanderings and the exile of our people in the past, so is He blessing and watching over your prosperity in the present and so will He guard you in the future. And remember, sons of Saint Patrick, keep this high in your hearts: If we are faithful to God, faithful to Saint Patrick, without a doubt, under God's guidance and blessing, the future is surely ours. God bless you, God love you, God keep you.

THE DIGNITY OF CATHOLIC WOMANHOOD [1]

To-day for all of us is a great festival, because Holy Mother Church celebrates the birth of the great Apostle of our race. This morning, at the Cathedral, I had the great privilege and pleasure of beginning the celebration of the feast by saying Mass for thousands of Irishmen from various associations and giving them Holy Communion.

I am happy to continue the celebration by coming to inspect your fine club house, and to give my blessing and encouragement upon a work, so happily begun, which I know will be carried on splendidly under the finest religious auspices, and bring forth fruit a hundredfold.

The origin of this association was, like most fine things in life, very simple. At a meeting in the Ladies' Catholic Club near the Cathedral House, a number of the ladies of that association, which is doing such wonderful work, expressed the burning wish that the work which that club was doing for the South End might be spread in various parts of the city and Diocese.

The work here was begun in January and now you are in possession of a magnificent house, a fine piece of property, with splendid rooms and a beautiful outlook, well situated, with every possible convenience. The amount of good that this work is bound to do is incalculable.

We are only at the beginning of a new era of life as Catholics in this district, in this Diocese, in this part of

[1] Address to St. Mary's Catholic Women's Club, Charlestown, March 17, 1918.

the world. Hitherto, we were obliged to pay attention to the foundation of things, the building of churches and schools, and that absorbed, naturally, all the energy, time and ability of priests and people, and whatever money could be contributed or raised for those purposes. Now that foundation has been laid. You have your splendid church, your school and convent.

But that is only the beginning, the mere foundation of things, the preparation for the real work which ought to mark the life of the Catholic Church wherever she is. The work of the Church is the work of civilization. The Church civilized the whole world. Wherever she has been, by her training, education, refinement, she has implanted in the hearts of men and women the finest and noblest sentiments, and has brought forth the very flower of manhood and womanhood.

All the great cities of Europe owe their origin to the Catholic Church. All the great centres of civilization and life were in the beginning but small settlements founded around the great churches and monasteries. Paris, Vienna, London sprang from small groups of people who gathered around the church, the convent school and the monastery, in order that they might learn to read and to write and receive the elements of erudition.

These small hamlets grew apace with the fame of the church or monastery. From them the great scholars went forth to found other centres of learning. The church was the centre of every kind of activity.

The people were taught to till the land, to cultivate the soil; they were instructed in the arts and industries. All the masterpieces of the arts and crafts which have come down to us from the Middle Ages are the fruits of the labors of the Church.

And, it must not be forgotten, in all this civilizing work the Church's task was always different from the mere drudgery of the world. The world's ideal is purely industrialism. The great industrial captains, the heads of mills and corporations entertain no thought of furthering and benefiting humanity. They work merely to make money, to grind it out of the sinew and the blood of the people.

The present age of unscrupulous industrialism is the fruit of Protestantism. When the Church exercised her beneficent rule over men's hearts and minds, any attempt to grind the people merely for personal aggrandizement was immediately and effectively checked. The Church was the Mother of the people; the tender nurse of learning, refinement and civilization.

Now the time is ripe for us to seek to bring back to the world the high ideals of the Church. We have laid the foundation. It took innumerable sufferings and sacrifices on the part of our parents and our ancestors, which were nothing short of heroic deeds, chronicled in heaven, even though forgotten here, perhaps.

We soon get used to luxury, but think back a while to the years when those who preceded us were founding the work of the Church here. They lived and strove for one purpose, to have the priest near them, to have the church where they could reach it for their Confessions and their Communions. For miles and miles they tramped Saturday night and Sunday morning to the nearest church to be present at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. They endured long fasts to receive Communion. But to them all these were not sacrifices; they were joys.

Their sacrifices sanctified the beginnings of the work of the Church here, and now are bearing their fruit.

To-day conditions have changed. We live in an atmosphere of paganism. On the surface everything seems to bespeak progress and good will. But, in reality, it is sheer veneer. Underneath it all there are no Christian principles; most of it is merely the covering of social decency. The world outside of the Church is fast losing the knowledge and love of Christ. Old Protestantism had something of the leaven of the Catholic Faith in it, but it is fast passing.

Now we are submerged in an atmosphere of infidelity and indifference which we are bound to reflect, unless we are steeled against it, as we must be if we are to preserve our own salvation of heart and soul and mind. Christian ideals are things apart from the standards of the world.

The world will find out, and it is finding it out now, that it has had only the husks of things. It has set up standards of mere money, mere materialism, mere efficiency; it has placed on thrones, to be idolized and worshipped, the Rockefellers, the Carnegies, the heads of industries, the great captains of mine and factory. It has fostered the basest sort of materialism, from which all thought of God has been banished.

The world has a way of holding up this materialism before our eyes in such wise as to make us believe that it is the real object of life. Material prosperity is preached everywhere. Men forget that for hundreds of years the world throve on the things that really counted; possessed the genuine, substantial things of life; and had a sense of honor and reverence. The family was happy; its members loved each other, and lived for one another, because they lived for God.

To-day, all about us, we see great zeal and a fervor of activity. That is excellent, it teaches men and women

to work for others and that, in itself, begets happiness. But we must not be deceived by its mere superficial value. We are to work for nobler things than even the help of others. Much of the activity we are witnessing is but fad and fancy.

All classes are working to-day because we are in the war. My dearly beloved children and ladies of this Society, we Catholics are always in the war! From the time when our Blessed Lord was seized and lashed and crucified, until the present day, the life of the Christian is a warfare. He must fight against himself, his own evil inclinations, his own evil tendencies; he must fight against the spirit of the world. And that must go on until the day when God crowns us for a valiant fight we have made and won.

You are to work, not for a fad or fancy or a passing moment, but for the benefit of those who have souls dear to Christ, that you may rescue them from the dangers around them, from the evil influences, the evil standards, the bad atmosphere, bringing the children here and keeping them in a Christian atmosphere, where they may have the symbol of their faith constantly before their eyes, where the blessing of God is.

No matter how simple or how humble such work is, it lasts; it penetrates to the very soul. These children will never forget, even in the face of difficulties, temptations and troubles, this atmosphere of their church and their school. It surrounds them with an armor which repels the assaults of the evil one, and the spirit of the world, the flesh and the devil.

That is the end to work for, because it lasts, and that work will go on forever. You have merely begun. These are the things that are worth spending ourselves for.

The running after the mere shadows of the earth may serve for the thoughtless, but the serious things that help others substantially, that bring out the good that is in them, that strengthen their Christian sense and their Christian knowledge, are the only things that are really worth working for.

We will never know, until eternity finally lifts the veil and Almighty God in His goodness reveals it to us, how often a little seed that seems to amount to nothing in the eyes of the world has accomplished wonders. Just as the word of a great general stirs his soldiers and spurs them on to action and valiant fighting, so in this house, dedicated to the work of God, the words spoken by you, good ladies, mothers who understand the duties of motherhood, good women who are interested in the children roundabout them in a spiritual, Catholic way, will be fruitful and far-reaching.

You must take courage and work all the harder, because at times you probably will not see much fruit of your labor. But if you never see it on earth, remember that God is a just Judge, and a loving Master. Everything you do for the children will in some way bring you happiness.

There is not a time that you give up something to come here but it will come back to you in rich blessings from God.

So stand together and stand firm. You have begun well; do not be discouraged or grow indifferent. The great difficulty with our projects very often is, that, while we begin well, little by little our enthusiasm dies out. Let that not be said of you.

I ask God's blessing on this fine start of an excellent work. May God prosper you and bless you.

THE IMPORTANCE OF FOOD CONSERVATION[1]

I AM happy to find such a large and representative gathering at this demonstration of food conservation. It is a most important work and intimately connected with the great business on which all the forces of the nation are concentrated, the winning of the war. We shall win it, too, with God's help, but each one of us must do his or her part towards the effort needed to make success certain.

Such a conviction of individual responsibility and the energy that comes of it are in entire harmony with the Church's teachings to mankind. She asks God to help us, and then bids us work energetically to help ourselves.

The importance of food conservation is well known to you all, but an illustration of it like the present one is a great practical argument enforcing the lesson. We all want to save the food and food materials that are so much needed by our forces in Europe and by the other nations who are co-belligerents with our own in the great struggle.

We have in this country a great store of food products, like wheats and fats, that, by reason of conditions, are scarce in Europe. It is our manifest duty to economize in the use of these things all we can, consistently with the keeping up of our own health, in order that there may be enough for those who are fighting our battles.

The details of this conservation have been worked out on a scientific basis, and it is to be hoped that the valu-

[1] Address to Catholic Women's Committee on Food Conservation, Cathedral School Hall, March 20, 1918.

able, enforced lessons of this war economy will be fruitful, not only during the conflict itself, but also in the future. We needed to have this matter of food conservation brought home to us here in America.

The older countries have long realized the extreme importance of the food question in the upbringing of children and the proper nutrition of the working people, who must have good, substantial fare for the good of the race. The older civilizations worked out this problem on a practical scientific basis, that of the wise and frugal preparation of food, of proper cooking.

We have much to learn in this matter from the mother countries. Practically every woman in Europe knows how to cook. The same cannot be said of the United States. This most essential household art has been neglected here for other matters that are merely superficial. Circumstances were in large part responsible for the skill of the Europeans in the preparation of food. The populations were smaller and more homogeneous, and all partook of practically the same course of training. The people of each nation worked out the problem along lines dictated by the climate and the food products of each locality.

The French and the Italians developed the foods and the preparation of them suitable to their wants. Oftentimes they had to use great initiative and ingenuity, and these in process of time brought the art of cooking to a high degree of excellence. Every householder in Europe esteems good cooking, not so much as a matter of good cheer, but rather as a matter of national welfare. This care and study have had far-reaching results. The employment of plain, wholesome foods has developed sturdy types of manhood and womanhood. We recognize this

in the stamina that has enabled them to fight this terrible war and endure the privations consequent on it.

One exception must be made, as a matter of fact, to the universal rule of good cooking in Europe, and that is England. The English people have their many admirable traits, but proficiency in the art of preparing food is not one of them. This is beginning to be recognized by the English themselves.

Thus it came about that in the migration of nations to the New World diverse traditions were imported. The French brought with them their well-known skill in the culinary art, the preparation of common foods in an exquisite and healthful manner. This is part of the good inheritance of the French-Canadian; it is in the Gallic blood.

The Italians, too, when they began to settle here in large numbers, made us familiar with the appetizing and substantial fare which is a household word with that people. They again illustrated how people may be fed wholesomely and economically, far better, in fact, than those who spend much more money on the things of the table.

The Irish, of whose importance in this nation I need not speak, had been more or less influenced by the bad English methods of preparing food. They unfortunately learned to consider generous joints and roasts as admirable, just as they were practically forced to use the English language instead of their own. This bad cooking tradition has been continued by them in this country. It was not a matter that gave them great concern, and the chances are that, had this war not come, they would have continued the usage as a matter of course.

War, which brings so many hitherto unnoticed ques-

tions to a settlement, has enabled us to recognize the manifold importance of this food matter, in the same manner that long ago circumstances taught the Europeans a similar lesson. It was time we had learned it. High prices for food and poor preparation of it for the table are the rule rather than the exception among us. The matter is far deeper and more intimately connected with our national life than we had ever realized.

Children were sent to school poorly fed, not because there was lack of food at home, but because their mothers did not know how to prepare it properly. Not only did these children grow up ill-nourished, but they passed the baleful custom on to the next generation. It can be said in sober fact that in most cases our national ailment — call it dyspepsia, indigestion or what you will — is in reality food-poisoning, the result of bad cooking. This has weakened our national fibre, and it is well that our attention as a people has been called to it in a way that cannot be ignored.

Those whose duty it was to study the problems of national welfare and find their proper solution had long wondered how the people of this country could be brought to recognize the injurious and widespread consequences of mal-nutrition and the necessity of a radical change in this prosaic, yet supremely important, department of life. As it has happened, the war has aroused Americans to a recognition of the fact.

As head of this Diocese, I am anxious to see the good work encouraged, both as a patriotic measure, and as something that makes for the welfare of the faithful in my charge. As a citizen intensely interested in our triumph in this righteous war we are fighting and in the greatest possible good for all my fellow-citizens and the

future of the race, I wish to do everything in my power to aid this wise and practical movement and ensure its success as a permanent asset of our people.

Of course, in this matter as in others, the parish has its one centre of information and guidance, the parish priest. The pastors, as you well understand, are mainly and primarily interested in the spiritual life of the faithful, but, indirectly and as a condition of parish welfare in a large way, they are interested, as I am, in this needed movement of wide usefulness for the reasons that have been mentioned.

Therefore, consult your parish priest about this topic. Tell him what you have seen here and what it means in every home; tell him what you have heard from me. Then, under his counsel, gather a body of women who can be influenced to take the matter up in a practical way, and organize your own parish exhibit. Help the good leaven to work. Do what you can to make the movement a success, and, in process of time, you will see that you have had a part in effecting a great good.

This is in great part women's work; they are concerned with some variant of it every day in the week throughout the community. They have a keen insight into it and its manifold possibilities. They have in this what is almost an epochal opportunity to make this great country of ours, which we love so deeply and admire so profoundly, a greater, more healthy country; to make the rising generation stronger and better fitted to cope with the difficulties of life than the preceding one was; and, on the principle that a sound body is a strong factor of right manhood and womanhood in every sense of the word, to increase the prosperity, happiness and welfare of God's children.

Do not let the impression that this is merely a matter of the kitchen prevent you from recognizing that it is vital in this and every other community and in the nation at large. It is such homely, prosaic matters as this that oftentimes determine the future of nations. Indeed, it would be difficult at this time to over-estimate its far-reaching consequences.

There is another point to be remembered. This practical and clear-eyed recognition of the need of food conservation will bring other blessings in its train. It will, among other things, help ring the death-knell of sham in American life, and usher in an era of sound realities. It will help us, too, to live soberly, morally and spiritually, and abandon, as they deserve to be abandoned, the many silly and often evil fashions that have become in some quarters the order of the day.

Finally, keep at this work. It is not a fad or occupation of the moment; it is something the community needs, that the nation needs. Besides its practical importance, it can be made a truly religious work, when done in the right spirit and founded on the right basis. In this you are doing what the Church herself did, when she was forming and training civilization, teaching trades, sciences and the arts to a generation that would never have had them otherwise.

Because you are engaged in this good and fruitful work, so full of promise for the Church as well as the State, I bless you in the Church's name. Taken up and carried on for these great purposes, in a Christian spirit, it is truly sanctifying, because it accomplishes so much for the poor who need it most of all.

If people in moderate circumstances fail to have good food, it is largely their own fault, but if the poor suffer

and pine away, it is a national calamity. Now the poor will not have good food and will not prepare it to the best advantage, unless they are shown how to do this. Therefore, ladies, take up this movement and persevere in it, not alone as a patriotic duty, but also from a Christian and spiritual point of view. In the confidence that you will do this, I ask that God's blessing may rest upon you all.

TRUE LEADERSHIP[1]

I NOT only see before me, Gentlemen, a notable assembly of serious men, but, owing to events now culminating for the benefit of the country and of humanity at large, I feel that I am in the presence of men who stand for a sublime purpose.

It may be that you do not at this moment realize the sublimity of that purpose, doubtless because many of you fail to realize its full scope. In saying this, I intend nothing derogatory to your ordinary keenness of mental vision; I desire rather to lay emphasis on the fact that comparatively few men are able to see through things and be not engrossed merely by their surface indications. When hundreds of men gather for some object, it is always the few who grasp the full meaning and scope of the assembly.

It is too much to expect, therefore, that any large body of men should in an instant realize thoroughly the reason for a convention or council of an organization. Because this is a trait of human nature and because I am here this morning for the great purpose which is perfectly clear to me, I feel bound to take no chances and put very plainly before your minds the truths and active principles which should animate you on this occasion. Hence, if I speak without mincing words and in uncompromising candor, it is because I feel the responsibility weighing upon me to make you understand just where you stand, just what

[1] Address at twenty-fifth annual State Convention of Knights of Columbus at Hotel Somerset, May 14, 1918.

your plain duties are, and the necessity that you fulfil them.

The great body of Catholics throughout the world know God's will and are willing to obey it, but history and the experience of mankind prove to us that many who would pose as their leaders lead them astray, when they should guide them aright.

You, as delegates of the Knights of Columbus, are chosen to lead in the great and beneficent work of the Order, not merely in what occupies you to-day, but in the general work which the society was founded to perform, and by which it must stand or fall. You are responsible agents of the men who have chosen you for the positions you occupy.

I know full well, and you know, too, that the great mass of the Catholic people of this district, this State and this Diocese are eager to follow in the lead of the Church. They are single-minded and unselfish. If, then, they are in danger, the danger is not of their making; they would prefer to die rather than deflect from the path their fathers' feet have sanctified. They have no offices to seek, no axes to grind; they are intent on their honest toil, the labor of their hands, the reward of their service. God and duty are very real to them. All they ask is worthy leadership, and, when they have it, they thank the Lord for it.

Whoever, therefore, presumes to take a stand before such a body of people and to enact the leader undertakes a responsibility for which any man may tremble. You are the leaders of the Knights of Columbus in this part of the country. The simple, honest-hearted, confiding men who elected you have trusted you to lead them aright. This is what your election to office means — and it means nothing else.

It makes little difference whether you sought office or the office sought you, you have been placed in position with the understanding that you will lead those whom you represent rightly, according to the laws of God and under the direction of the Catholic Church.

That is the purpose of those who have chosen you, whatever your own ideas may be. As delegates you are responsible, not to your own ideals, but to that great body of the Knights of Columbus who are safe and sane men and true Catholics.

These truths, though fundamental and obvious, are easily overlooked, and, on such occasions as this, must be brought to mind clearly and forcibly. I have a duty to these people you represent and in coming here I am but performing that duty. Two courses are open to me; one is the course of popularity, something I have never cared to obtain and which has never entered into my conception of anything I may do. I would be ashamed to come here and talk pleasing platitudes to you. The second course is the only one I can in conscience and honor take, that is, to tell you the truth. This truth you must hear for various reasons; first, as obedient children of the Church, and secondly, for the welfare of the Order.

The Knights of Columbus were organized for just one purpose; to maintain and extend the progress and prosperity of the Catholic faith in this land. The great body of Catholic men who are Knights of Columbus are true to this ideal. Are you true to it? Do you intend to be true to it in your deliberations on this occasion? This sums up the entire question.

The fulfilment of this basic purpose, this original ideal, means much. It means your own sanctification. It means the welfare of your neighbor, not only your brethren of

the Faith, but of Protestants and others not of the Fold. Finally, it means the highest sentiment of citizenship and patriotic action. All this constitutes the practical object of a Catholic organization.

If examples are needed you have many. You have them about you, before your eyes; you have them in France, in England, in every race and country. You have them especially, and, I may say, gloriously in our Catholic boys at the front, Knights of Columbus, who are living examples to the whole world of the best living and the highest faith.

I need not speak of what our priests have done for these boys, sharing their burdens, partaking of their sufferings and exemplifying true religion and true patriotism. We need not publish these facts; the world knows them, and the results, the fruits of them are already manifest in conversions by thousands, in the highest ranks of the army and navy as well as in the rank and file. The lesson of all this is plain, that if we are first of all true and loyal Catholics, as we are bound to be, the world is bound to recognize us as the finest type of Americans.

Every organization passes through different stages as it grows older. The Knights of Columbus are an illustration of this. In the beginning the highest intentions and motives were paramount and they were lived up to, as is generally the case with small societies. But, as an organization grows, dangers manifest themselves. Selfishness and self-seeking begin to be felt. Ambitious members try to use the organization for purposes of their own. Politics flourish. The plausible talker comes into prominence, and, before the majority realize what is going on, a few men, demagogues, are choking the life out of the society.

This has happened many times before in other organizations. It will certainly happen in yours, if you heed only the eloquence of the tongue and take little note of a man's actions; if foolishly or carelessly you allow yourselves to choose wrong leaders. There ought to be no difficulty about your course in these matters. You know your constitution, your regulations, your obligations. Live up to them.

We, the members of the Episcopate of the country, stand by and watch developments with anxious eyes and minds. Too often there is abundant reason for anxiety. Let me give you an instance. The whole hierarchy of the United States was busy in placing before the American people the position of the Church. We were being attacked in a thousand quarters, sometimes openly, sometimes covertly. There were vilifying statements and lies of all kinds printed in disreputable and reputable papers alike. There was a concerted drive against the Catholic Church.

Now, while this thing was at its height, some so-called representative Catholic stands forth and says: "There is no bigotry in the country; that is a thing of the past." This is not merely false, a piece of folly; it does untold harm. No one gains anything by such blatant falsities, even the speakers themselves, and the Church and the organization lose much.

It must be plain to any honest, straightforward Catholic that men who lend themselves to such unfounded statements are not men to be trusted at the head of an organization like the Knights of Columbus. You need as leaders men who are honest before God and men who will speak the truth before God and men.

Another stage of the organization is when it reaches the

point where individuals or a group say: "We must be independent; we cannot submit to dictation on the part of the Church." They forget the very purpose for which their society was founded, they ignore its constitution, they talk Protestantism. The plain fact is that the moment a society seriously decides to throw off Church direction, to ignore the direction of the Bishops, it is no longer a Catholic society.

But this is seldom the case; what is far more common is that three or four Catholic laymen become so impressed with their own importance that they want to manage everything in their own fashion; they scout counsel or advice. There have been times when the performances of such individuals became so intolerable that many leading and influential Catholics said: "We will have nothing to do with the Knights of Columbus." Finally the difficulty was cleared up and these so-called leaders began to lose their self-complacency and stubbornness and to see things as they were, but only after a great deal of harm and trouble had been caused. It seems strange that Church authorities have to spend so much time proving to the leaders of Catholic organizations the plain truths and obligations that the humblest members of these organizations understand thoroughly. The members see their duty, but the leaders do not want to see it or do it.

The rule for you to follow in such cases is clear. Let no set of self-seekers obtain control of your organization. The administrative feature of the society is designed to enable it to do its work well, not to minister to the ambition or selfishness of any member or group of members or leaders. The great work of the Knights of Columbus is to increase the welfare and prosperity of God's Kingdom on earth.

This spiritual side of your Order is something you must never lose sight of, especially now when, it would appear, the day of rampant materialism is over. If this war has served to open the eyes of the people to their own rights, then the blood that has been spilled was not offered in vain.

Everybody realizes to-day, the President, perhaps, the most keenly of all the public men of his time, that this is the end of an epoch. What the beginning of the next will be, God alone knows. Conditions during the past fifteen years were fast becoming insupportable. A few men were gathering in their hands the resources of the world and then throwing them in the faces of the slaves they had created.

Socialism and anarchism were becoming rampant. This is all changed. The new order is more visible in England than here, but in reality, though not so palpably, in this country a new spirit is working. There is a new hope, the spirit of true democracy. The people are awake and recognize what they must do to keep America safe. That is our immediate duty, and with God's help we are going to do it. A cataclysm is impending. The people are infuriated at the wrongs done to them at the hands of tyrants, of moneyed men.

What happened in Russia might happen here to-morrow, but I feel confident that it will not, and one reason for my confidence is that, in the manifesto of the President the other day, I see the spirit of God working. In his Proclamation of a day of "Public humiliation, prayer and fasting," the Executive of this country turns to God. That Proclamation is a prayer, and, thank God, it remained for a President of the United States to give the world a document like this.

President Wilson has a special faculty for keen analysis and very clear expression of thought, but in this Proclamation he has surpassed himself, and the reason is that he has gone down to the foundation of truth, and, on that foundation, he has built his hopes to attain the Will of God.

This nation should be inspired to reflect that in these days, when materialism is so rife and so powerful, when men are seeking only the great purpose for which the war was begun, in their own selfishness, the President of the United States points out in such conspicuousness and isolation that all the world may see, that there is one great leader whose words have that sublimity which comes from solemn reliance on Almighty God, one whose hopes are grounded on eternity. The spirit of God is working in Woodrow Wilson, for this is the end of an epoch, and we cannot suppose that God would be indifferent to the conditions in which this country stands and the tremendous burden laid upon the shoulders of its President.

That Proclamation stands out, among the public utterances of leaders at this time, in splendid isolation. There is another that stands above it, but near it, the message of our Holy Father, the Pope. I am proud and happy as a Catholic to be able to join these two influences together.

There is the influence of the Holy Father who is constantly pleading for peace, because his children are suffering so that he can stand it no longer, but he remains impartial towards all the world and asks God to grant peace to the sufferers. That is the hope of the Father of Christendom.

But as an American, our President stands by his side —

only on a slightly lower plane because of the great internationalism of the Church for whom the Pope speaks, and but one step down to the plane of nationalism. But both stand there on the same dais, and well may the Holy Father say from the bottom of his heart:

"God bless the President of a country who can make a statement so sublime, so profound, so true, so religious and so eminently Catholic as that, as the leader of a people who, if they will pray to God in that spirit, can never fail."

CATHOLIC ORGANIZATION[1]

I NEED not say to you how happy I am to inaugurate this work. I need not tell you of all that Lowell means to me. As I came by the cemetery this morning and went in to say a prayer at my mother's grave, all the memories of youth, tender, sad and holy, crowded into my brain and I thanked God that I was coming here to do something for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people.

We all owe a great debt to the place wherein God first gave us to see the light. Some who are in position to pay that debt forget their obligation, while others are never able to show the depth of the affection they feel. I have never ceased to treasure these early memories, and to be thankful that here in this city of industry I found also a great reservoir of faith, a stimulus of the finest and best action that any man can perform for God and for humanity. Every time that duty has brought me back, the thought has recurred: "You are not doing much, but you are doing what you can for Lowell."

This time, dear ladies, I come to inaugurate one of the greatest works that have ever been instituted in this community, and, though this seems saying a great deal, it is the literal truth. The organization of Catholic women, the League of Catholic Women, is one of the strongest bulwarks of religion that we can possibly introduce into the lives of the people of this city. It is exactly what is needed.

The time is propitious. We could have done little in a

[1] Address to Catholic Women's League of Lowell in chapel of Notre Dame Academy, May 19, 1918.

matter of this kind years ago, for there were few who had the leisure or were in the circumstances to undertake it effectively, but, at present, there is much to make people see the need of such an organization as this, and there are many who can be relied upon to make it successful and fruitful.

Moreover, we begin on a happy day, the feast of Pentecost, so that we may place the work under the direction of the Holy Ghost who is the Sanctifier of all effort for God and the welfare of souls.

We must begin with firm faith, regardless of obstacles, and place the work on such solid foundations that nothing can shake it. We may formulate this purpose in these words: for some time Catholic men and women have come to realize that it is not enough simply to be Catholics; they must have a share and a practical interest in all Catholic action.

It is a great privilege to be a Catholic; to have the light of the Truth to guide us and the strength of grace to enable us to walk in the path God indicates. Nothing else is at all commensurate with this, either wealth or health or happiness or power. The humblest and apparently poorest individual who has the Faith has more than the might of kings or the riches of the Indies.

But, just as the mere possession of wealth or power avails little unless these are wisely used, so this great gift of faith which is ours will avail little, unless we employ it and the grace that goes with it to good purpose. Many have a wrong idea of what the world esteems as great position, as if it were excellent in itself, but in truth its great and almost only excellence consists in the good it enables those who hold such positions to accomplish for others.

The necessity of action must be clear to us, though many seem to be unable to realize it. The Bishops, the priests, the men and women who have consecrated themselves to the service of God and mankind, realize it and have spent themselves for it. But in truth the obligation weighs upon us all. To save our souls good works are necessary.

The obligation of doing good has meant little to many who have figured prominently in the life and activity of this city, and who have received much from its people. They came to this place, so beautifully located amid its hills and along the banks of its fast-flowing river, and converted it into an industrial city, obliterating in the process the attractiveness and healthfulness that were God's gift to Lowell.

They took the millions that were the product of industry, that were wrung, too, from the muscles and bones and nerves of the workers, and spent these millions elsewhere. They built palaces for themselves where fancy dictated and scattered their wealth for their own pleasure, but they did little or nothing for the people of Lowell, who had made them rich. Look about you and you will realize how little has been done here for the welfare of this community by those who have drawn so much from it.

The real benefactors of Lowell have been its good Catholic people, and the glory of the city is their great faith and what that faith made possible; their unflinching patience, their unflagging industry. Viewed in a merely human way, these thousands of our people gave their lives to grind out fortunes for ungrateful millionaires. You well know that, in the early days of industrialism here, men and women toiled from five o'clock in the morning until seven at night, with but a bare half-hour for lunch.

As I knelt at my mother's grave this morning, I thought of our fathers and mothers who put their lives into the foundation stones of this great city, who sanctified its soil by their toil, who gave their very blood and sinew for the upbuilding of whatever is best and noblest here.

I recalled, how, as a boy, I heard the tramp of the workers going to their duties in the early morn, the mystery, the pity and the needlessly hard conditions of all this incessant labor and its scanty remuneration. I could do nothing then but feel indignant at the injustice of it all. I did not realize then what a triumph of faith and human nobility it was, and the great purposes of God these workers were fulfilling so humbly, yet so magnificently.

The world does not understand these things. It requires the clear vision of faith and the sympathy for humanity that comes with faith to enable men and women to understand them. But, for this very reason, this is sacred soil, and the treasure of the city is in the wonderful lives of those now gone to their reward who did their hard duty in utter self-sacrifice, in high resignation to God's will and in the prophetic knowledge that, besides the spiritual victories that were theirs, they were making possible and accomplishing much for those who would come after them.

The fruits of that holy devotedness are manifest in the strong Catholic faith of the people of to-day, in the hundreds of men and women who have gone out from this place to do the work of God's Church in high or lowly places according to divine design, in the many works of religion, education and charity that surround us. Such are the worthy monuments of those who toiled so uncomplainingly and tirelessly in by-gone years. The

contrast is, indeed, striking between the noble memorials of faith and generosity that the toilers built up in this city and the absence of all worthy memorials from the hands of the rich for whom they toiled.

All these things are in themselves a lesson of Catholic activity that should be eloquent and inspiring for us, potent arguments to make us busy ourselves without ceasing for the great work that remains to be done. Much of the material work has been accomplished, and now we need organization for what we have to do. There is a contagion of activity in the air. Some of it is futile, but the thing to do is to turn this energy into Catholic channels.

As regards yourselves, there is not a Catholic woman in this city and the towns about who should not belong to this society and do something for it. Especially is this the case with mothers of families, school teachers and other women who by reason of their training and circumstances are able to accomplish much in this way.

The practical work of organization will come in its own time. Do not hurry it or be impatient about it. Remember that, before effective work can be done, plans must be made, methods thought out, means found and the individuals most fitted for various departments of activity taught to learn how best they can further the purposes of the society. Instruction in these matters will be given you by those who have experience in such societies as this, but all in good season.

I think it is timely to warn you about one thing, the eagerness for immediate activity before the purpose of it is clear. There is a great deal of useless activity in the life of the present day. There are many with numberless schemes and projects but without a definite idea of how

these are to be worked out. Often too, the leaders in these projects have the best of intentions and are entirely unselfish, but busy lesser folk rush in and cause confusion and regrettable misunderstandings.

Activity with a definite purpose is what we need, otherwise all the energy goes for nothing. The tendency of ardent spirits is to take affairs into their own hands and rush things along without much regard to practical results. In this matter you are fortunate. As a Catholic organization, you are subject to wise direction by Church authority. The Bishop names the spiritual director, whose approval will be necessary for whatever action is to be taken. He will act in my name, and thus you will labor fruitfully and to good purpose.

The fundamental and essential thing in all Catholic organizations is to work in the Catholic spirit, under the direction of the Holy Ghost, the direction of the Church, for your own sanctification. Once you realize this principle, your activities are almost certain to result in great good to yourselves and others.

The work in which you are engaged is a holy work and must be undertaken in a spirit that the world cannot understand, but which your Catholic faith and the grace that goes with it enable you to understand almost instinctively. You know that when you work in close and zealous sympathy with the Church's regulations all will go well. It is the lack of this which dooms so many generous projects to defeat and futility. There is plenty of money, plenty of zeal of a sort and abundant enthusiasm, but they fail because proper direction and organization are lacking.

Let not the lack of money or any comparative paucity of numbers be a source of anxiety to you. Except for

the conventional fees and collections for necessary expenses, the less money enters into your activities the better. Again, it is not numbers that count, but the spirit of God and the strength that God gives in the members who dedicate themselves to the purposes of this society. Everything else is to be put aside. Worldly influence and money amount to very little in such matters.

We shall build up this organization for God. There are many secular organizations doing things in a civic way, and they all have their place and are doing good, but your work is on a surer basis. The Catholic women of this Diocese constitute a tremendous power, because they act in union with the Church and put self aside. Whenever there is self-seeking, fruitful work shrinks.

Wherever individuals are using a society for their own ends, to hold offices, to gain prestige, to attract notice, the real purposes of the society are threatened with disaster. Hence, the main things that you need in this work are humility and self-denial. The purpose of the society must sanctify your work and make it unselfish, otherwise activity is all in vain.

After all, this is a commonplace. In your homes, in your private affairs, you can have your own way, but, in an organization, the members must subordinate their personal ideas to the objects of the association. This proper subordination is most important and you will do well to keep it always in mind. When you have these truths clearly determined, you are in condition to approach the tasks for which the society was founded.

Do not permit false and worldly standards to blind you to realities. Those who will give you the best coöperation are not the people whom the world considers important, but the sincere and humble-minded who are

intent on good being done. Do not let the meetings become occasions for the display of fashion, finery or wealth. If your circumstances allow you to dress better than many of your sisters, resist the temptation to do so, otherwise you are certain to keep away from the meetings the very women who will be most valuable for your work.

It is not at all in keeping with Catholic traditions or any service for others to bring in artificial distinctions that are always out of place among God's children, and never more so than among Catholic women who are supposed to be devoted to Christian standards.

These artificial distinctions that obtain to such a lamentable extent to-day have nothing to do with Catholicism. They never obtained in Catholic ages where a noble democracy of souls was always the good rule. Snobbishness has no place anywhere, and least of all among Catholic people. The very plentiful examples of this social weakness that we see around us should be a lesson and a warning against it.

Though we are not to seek anything directly for ourselves in the organization, we shall gain much if we work in the right spirit, the Catholic spirit. This is the sanctification of our souls, and, as a result, the happiness that comes of good work well done and the realization that we are of service to others.

This society has been founded to do work for Catholic welfare and for community welfare, and there is a large field for it right here. The practical problems and needs are before our eyes; we do not have to go abroad to look for them. There are women working in these great mills who need your help, not only as individuals, but as an organization.

Things have advanced a great deal since the years

when working people toiled fourteen hours a day. Wage conditions have changed since a long arduous day's labor was underpaid with a pittance that hardly sufficed to keep body and soul together. The situation has improved since men and women — many of them according to God's standards the best this country has ever seen — were forced to submit to injustice and privation that the law would forbid nowadays. It was a fortunate thing for the owners of these mills that the men and women who toiled in them were Irish Catholics, who sought first and last the Kingdom of God and looked to Him for the granting of what they asked, expecting nothing from men and obtaining little.

But my soul revolts to-day, even as it did when I was a boy, at the memory of what those saintly souls had to suffer; they were treated like the Children of Israel in captivity who were ordered to make bricks without straw and then reviled. They were strangers in a strange land, looked down upon, mocked for their very virtues, but we realize now that they were wise with the wisdom that God gives, and that they built well.

But, to-day, thank God, things are different. The Irish Catholics bore the burden of the day and the heat, contumely and contempt, and their children and the children of other newcomers enjoy the fruits of their patience and courage and fortitude. It is due in no small measure to what they endured and won for their children that you can go into the mills to-day and stop any abuse that exists there; that they who seek to grind the faces of the poor are checked and punished; that the brutal supervision once common is only an evil memory.

Out of the loins of those great-souled and patient workers of the dark days agone has risen up a generation

of Catholics who secure their rights, and not merely their own rights but those of workers everywhere. There have come forward in the great movement for better conditions men and women like Dr. Harrington and Mrs. Toy, who not only want to see justice done but who see to it that justice is done.

The field of this great and fruitful service is wide; it is open to you, ladies of this society, abundant needed work to be done for the common welfare. Though great advances have been made and improvements introduced, you have only to familiarize yourselves with things as they exist even to-day to see the tasks before you.

More than this, there are hundreds of women and girls working in these mills who need a helping hand, who need encouragement and Christian friendship. Some of them will have no friends at all unless you take that office. Others need protection against danger and temptation; others again need the common, ordinary, blessed helpfulness that one neighbor gives another. There is little need for you, ladies, to ask where the work of your society is, for it is before your very eyes, and it is a great work, worthy of noble Catholic women, and God will reward it without stint.

In speaking of the evil and pitiful conditions of past years that Catholic faith made to blossom into blessings, and of the welcome and needed change that time and patience have wrought, I wish to register our thanks and gratitude to a man, who, though he had his faults and frailties, deserves eternal credit and gratitude from the people of Lowell. The hours of labor in the mills were twelve hours a day then, and fourteen in the Fall, if I remember aright. We need not enter into the details of what that twelve-hour day meant amid the noise and

confusion and in the unsanitary conditions that were then the rule. We need not dilate on the brutality of the men who were imported to act as overseers. We take the proposition in its economic form, the need for a ten-hour day. Benjamin Butler stood for the people and by the people in that great humanitarian movement, and, among prominent people, he stood practically alone and was made to suffer for his championship of the working poor.

The entire weight of influence and money was arrayed in an effort to crush him, to ostracize and vilify him and his descendants, and it did not balk at calumny. To this day, it has not been possible to erect a statue of Benjamin Butler in Lowell. What is the reason for this? Not the faults that have been imputed to the man, not the defects that are alleged against his military career, not the failings that he may have had as a man; these things never denied a man a statue, if the dominant class wanted to accord it.

No! The great crime that Butler committed, a crime that the rich and powerful never forgave him, was, that he stood for the working people of Lowell. He may not have a memorial in a public square or in front of a municipal edifice, but he is enshrined, as a friend of the poor and a champion of the workingman and working woman, in the hearts of thousands who will never forget what he did for friendless toilers.

To enlarge the prospect of the work before you, ladies, and to show you what you have to do when your organization is in working order, I have only to mention what can be accomplished in a sensible and helpful way for the children in the parochial schools, for the people in the hospital, for the orphans, for the poor and ailing at large. I do not mean that sort of activity so much in vogue

to-day with some who claim to be active in social service. Social service is a good expression and it describes a mighty and needed work, but the social service you can do and are bound in charity to do is the sort which your womanly helpfulness, your common sense, your Catholic traditions make clear to you.

There are two dangers to guard against; the first regards the needy among the working people, and the second regards yourselves. There are many busy among the poor in this and other cities, and who intend perhaps their creature comfort, but only to exploit or proselytize the recipients of their alleged philanthropy. These fraudulent and insincere social workers, as well as the others who consider humanitarianism as a fad, are to be separated from the people of whatever sort who are endeavoring to do a good work for the needy and the friendless, as the good Samaritan befriended the wounded wayfarer on the Jericho road.

Secondly, there are pseudo-social workers who aim to secure their ends through you by flattering your vanity, by extending social favors, by invitations here and there. There have been cases where good Catholic women have been cajoled and befooled by this social strategy. The plan is to win over and use the very Catholics who are in position to aid the Catholic poor, and thus obtain for the planners a free field for their own schemes. I intend no injustice to any one in saying this, but there have been numerous instances of this unworthy work in the past, and there will be more in the future. Do not be deceived. Stand by your Catholic principles; be true to your honorable traditions and do the work that lies before you in single-minded devotedness for God and for your neighbor.

I expect this organization of Catholic women in Lowell

to be the best one in the Diocese and it will be your fault if it fails. We shall do everything for you. Father Callahan, your spiritual director, who will represent me, will do everything to make your work a success. Labor in unanimity under the direction of the Church and with your officers, and God will bless and reward you.

ONE FOLD, ONE SHEPHERD[1]

My dearly beloved Children in Christ. All of you here this morning, about to receive the great Sacrament of Confirmation, are, as it were, new heirs of the Kingdom of God. Perhaps late in life, after many experiences, all of which probably have tried the patience of your souls, your minds have finally received the great light, the great light which ought to illumine every man that cometh into this world, — the Light of Faith, the Light of God's radiance, by which we are enabled to see God Himself in this world, at least our duties to God, our duties towards our fellow-man, our duties towards ourselves That is the great Light of Faith which came to you through Baptism into the Church of God, and that light was intended for all mankind, if only mankind would receive it.

There was a time in the history of the world when all the world knelt at the same altar, when all the world was Christian, when all the world was Catholic, and there was that unity of feeling or sentiment which made brothers of all the children of men. Four hundred years ago the unity of that faith was broken, and there came into the world a flood, a torrent of error which has gone on growing ever since, until now we see the culmination and the fruit of all this error.

Now, beloved Children, we must turn to Almighty God with hearts of gratitude to-day for the great gift He has given us. There is no greater boon in all the world

[1] Sermon at Confirmation of six hundred converts at Cathedral, May 25, 1918.

than the gift of your faith. There is nothing else in life that can make you so happy, so contented, if you really cherish that gift, and if you know how to use it well for your own spiritual happiness, for your own spiritual progress. It is clear to all of us now in this period of disaster of the world's history that all the world and all life without God are but vanity.

The sorrows and sufferings of these days are teaching that to millions of people who had often before heard it, but who only now begin to understand it. So turn, beloved Children in Christ, turn towards the altar where the Blessed Lamb of God rests for your salvation, and thank Almighty God for the gift of His faith, the gift of His Sacraments.

Become, through Confirmation, true soldiers of Jesus Christ, ready to go out and do battle in His name and for His glory, under His standard of the Cross. Be proud of your faith. It is the greatest thing in the world. It is the noblest gift of God to you. Go out and defend it where necessary, but most of all, glorify God in the life you lead. Show to all the world that your faith has really given you a new light of life, that the Sacraments have given you a new strength to walk in the ways of God. Show to everybody about you — for remember they are watching you closely — what it is really to be a Catholic.

Partake of the Sacraments often because without them your soul cannot live. Go out and show the world what it is to know God, to love God and to serve God who made you glorify the Church which has called you at last to her bosom, and you will realize in all its fullness what it is to be led by the light of divine grace here to the sanctuary of God, that your only hope is the hope which

our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ gave to us, that by the unity of faith we may serve God in this world and be happy with Him forever in the next. May God bless you.

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Now, my beloved Children, that you have received the great Sacrament of Confirmation, remember that Almighty God expects you to be true to Him. Be thoroughly Catholic. Think with the Church, feel with the Church, and act with the Church, wherever you may be. Do not separate yourselves from Catholic influences, but go wherever they are. The atmosphere of the Faith will save you from the perversity of the world and the errors that are rampant everywhere. So be true, firm and good Catholics, and God will bless you here, and grant you hereafter the glory of beholding Him forever.

A FRUITFUL HALF CENTURY

Almighty God, the Divine Author of all beings, dispenses His gifts wisely and well, and, to each creature to whom He gives being, He accords some share in His great beneficence. It is rare indeed to find in one being nearly all of the virtues, the attributes of his kind. When such an instance does occur, whether it be in the history of the world or the history of the Church, one beholds a great work of God. When this is true of a human being, he stands out as a wonderful genius of his race.

It is rare even in the history of the Church that there is found, even among the Saints, one endowed with nearly all the virtues of human and of Divine grace, and yet, this is singularly true of St. Paul. He seemed to combine in himself all the excellences of the spiritual life, and also to be an exemplar of manhood. At one moment, he is a courageous and fiery soldier, and in the next, peaceful and quiet in the depths of his asceticism.

One moment, he is talking in the humblest terms to the Jews in the Ghetto, and in the next, he is declaiming sublime language before the philosophers of Athens. One day, he is earning his living by manual labor, and the next, he is writing more beautifully, more profoundly, more clearly than Plato.

What a wonderful man, what a great apostle! Truly, he was a "vessel of election." When he says something, he says it right. He says it with all the wisdom of the

[1] Sermon at Golden Jubilee of Rt. Rev. Monsignor Arthur J. Teeling, I. P. P., St. Mary's Church, Lynn, Thursday, June 6, 1918.

philosopher and the clearness of a great litterateur. There is nothing to add, nothing to subtract. He summarizes a treatise of philosophy in one sentence.

So, when St. Paul speaks, we may well listen to what he has to say. And what does he say of the priesthood? It is very characteristic.

"For Christ, therefore, we are ambassadors." There is a volume in these words. When that is said, all is said. Here is all our labor, and here is all our glory. Ambassadors? An ambassador is nothing in himself. The moment he takes it upon himself to announce his own message, his value ceases, his ambassadorship is closed. He acts not for himself. If he does, he is reproved, discountenanced, sent away. He acts for his sovereign only. "Pro Christo." We are ambassadors of Christ, or for Christ.

An ambassador delivers his message exactly as he received it. If he adds a word or subtracts a word, he falsifies his own position. He must stand, while he lives, for the sovereign he represents — in a word, he is representative. Nothing of himself, everything in the power that he represents. There is the priest absolutely, critically, clearly distinguished.

We are ambassadors. We deliver not our own message. We have no message to give, except the poor one of frail human nature which is in man, but we have the sublime message of the Eternal God to present as His ambassadors. We must give it exactly as He gives it to us, neither adding nor subtracting, and, in the giving of that message, in the acting out of our ambassadorship, there is the fullest room for every power, talent and attribute, and the more we use them, the fuller, the better our ambassadorship. "Pro Christo."

Here is our glory. For Christ! We act as ambassadors. He is our Master, our great Lord, and, just as honor is paid to every ambassador according to the power, the greatness of his sovereign, since we are ambassadors of Christ and Christ is God, the priesthood is above the kingship of men. That is our glory. It is also our reward. "Pro Christo!"

Christ never fails to recognize merit and render reward where it is due. Though, beloved Fathers in Christ, we are nothing of ourselves and do nothing of ourselves and must represent always Him who is perfect, we know the toil and the labor and the sacrifice of each day, the subjection of our will to the discipline of good service and good deeds. All this is very hard for frail human nature. No wonder that few live to celebrate the golden jubilee.

The world can never realize the struggle, the daily sacrifice, the almost constant loneliness of the priest who truly gives himself up to his ambassadorship. Renunciation of will, — that is the essential qualification of the ambassador, to give up one's self entirely, and, since our Blessed Lord is neither visible nor audible, we must take our orders from those who are visible and audible, and they are only human beings like ourselves. But in them the light of faith sees Christ. Every day we obey the orders of those who represent Him, and as close and as near as we come to carrying out those commands and those orders and not our own, just so close are we to Christ Himself.

Fifty years of labor in such an ambassadorship is a long day's work. It is a grace in itself to arrive at such a period. It is an added favor of Almighty God, and, as the laborer at the end of his long day's work feels the satisfaction of the duty done, and feels, also, that normal fatigue which

is really only the harbinger of repose, so also, Monsignor Teeling, at the end of your long day's work, you must naturally feel the satisfaction of having performed your duty well, and if you also feel the normal fatigue of the labor, you know it is only a presage of a night of beautiful rest, and of a day of eternal happiness.

If the laborer at the end of his day's toil can add to those satisfactions a word of approval from his master, certainly his day is full, and the evening of his life is happy; and I have come to-day to bring you that word of approval. Our Blessed Lord is neither visible nor audible on earth now, but in your own Bishop and in the Bishop of Bishops, you see Christ Himself, whose ambassador you are, and I bring to you that which you must cherish above everything else to-day, short of the great Mass of Thanksgiving, the Sacrifice of the Mass which you have offered here — the blessing and the approval of our Holy Father, the Pope. To that blessing, which must mean so much to you, I add my own.

The Holy Father rarely denies his blessing to any one. Oftentimes those ask for it whom he neither knows nor sees. You have not asked for his blessing. I asked it for you, and that means much, for you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have the blessing of the Holy Father, because your own Bishop has approved your life, and your life's work. That is the complete approval of any embassy. When that has been accorded, we are sure that, as near as we can get to the approval of God in heaven, we have arrived at that great satisfaction.

We may not here pronounce eulogies, and yet I feel great satisfaction in saying that among all the priests of the Diocese, nearly all of them younger than you, I have found in you entire docility and willingness to do

exactly as you are bidden, to go as you are sent, to act as you are directed.

Now, nothing better or finer or more can be said of an ambassador than that. Beloved father, take that satisfaction to your heart. It will be a stimulus to many a priest younger than you. The way is long and hard and weary for us all, and we need great help and great stimulus of example.

You may well feel satisfied to-day, dear Monsignor Teeling, that, as far as in you lay, you have given good example to your fellow-priests. Your life has been one of activity, but well-ordered activity. There is a great difference between merely running around in a circle achieving nothing but motion, and acting under directions for specified, determined ends.

Not only in your own parish, but in the great work of the Diocese, for Federation, for every movement for the welfare of the people of the Diocese, Monsignor Teeling, you have always gladly and willingly taken a hard, laborious and leading part. Your people know your activities here, and, please God, they will still see many years of them.

Now, in delivering to you the blessing of our Holy Father and my own blessing, and I am sure also the blessing of the Bishop of Hartford — whom we are so happy to have here to-day and whom we love as one of our own, and who has known you for many, many years — I am sure you must feel that this day has really been crowned by God's own blessing itself.

And so, upon priests and people, upon the good sisters and all those who are helping in every work of the parish, may the blessing of God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost rest, and abide with you forever.

THE STRENGTH OF UNITY[1]

My Beloved People: I have come to you to-day, not only to bless and dedicate your new church, but to join you in your happiness at the fulfilment of your hopes. I have come especially to congratulate you and to thank you for all the good work and all the splendid coöperation and the fine spirit shown throughout, from the preparation to the completion of this beautiful House of God.

Certainly God, who has promised to reward even a cup of cold water given in His name, will reward abundantly the work which you have accomplished by your self-sacrifice and labor in preparing for the consecration of this edifice. A great many have a share in the completion of this work.

First of all, the good priests who have worked among you and helped to stimulate you in this undertaking, but, most of all, the beloved people themselves. The priests cannot lead unless the people are willing to follow. The great proof of our earnestness in any plan, in the carrying out of any work, whether it be of our own, or of God, or of the State, is the willingness to do something which costs us something.

To carry out a plan for God, well and worthily, we must offer up to Almighty God something of our own. Not merely the wish or the thought, but the deed is necessary. The gathering together of the offerings represents not only a sum of money, but the giving of our-

[1] Sermon at dedication of Sacred Heart Church, Middleboro, June 9, 1918.

selves, the giving of something of our own toil and effort, which we might have kept, but preferred not to keep, but to give it to God, that we might have the blessing of God and the peace of God in our hearts.

Oh, the wonderful Catholic faith of the people of God! Is there anything in the universe like it? Nothing. See how we have dotted the whole land, in fact, the whole world, with churches like this, the offerings of hearts full of love for God, their Maker. The most remote ends of China, Africa and India have their churches and their priests. The faithful never rest, they are never satisfied, never content, until they have built an altar upon which the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass may be offered.

Whatever may be their poverty and suffering, they find in the temple of God a reward for all their efforts, the only resting place from sin, discontent and unhappiness, and from the sorrows and trials of life. For life is only a pilgrimage. We have no lasting abode here. In a day or week the happiness of the world is shattered. See how the world has been struggling for the past four years. Everybody's peace of mind is gone.

Yet, these are the times that were pointed out to us ten years ago as the period when everything would be perfect, when education would be complete and by the spread of education all the ills of life would be banished. No sooner had that cry sounded from the housetops, than there came the cry that we must fight for "God and the Right," that we must stand close to our Lord and bear the burden of His cross.

Dear people of Middleboro, it is a great happiness for me to be with you to-day, to consecrate your labor, and to ask Almighty God to bless priests and people for this good work. This well-done task will reward you a

hundredfold for all that you have given to God. What would be your satisfaction in material things, if you could not come into this house of God and feel that you were near Him here?

This will be your haven of rest, this will be your house of worship. Keep close to the altar of God; this is your happiness and there is no other. Unless our souls are near God; unless we live for Him and serve Him, there is no happiness in this world, nothing but illusions followed by disgust and remorse.

So, cherish and love your Church. Come to it every day of your lives; morning, noon and night. It will bless your labors, because you will feel that Almighty God is with you. It will make your sorrows and trials lighter, because it will make you feel that you can lay them here at the altar, and go back to take up greater work, and your lives will be sanctified and happy.

Bring your children here. Teach them to love the house of God. Teach them to love God in their youth, for, when you are gone, they will have only God to lean upon.

This is the meaning of your new church. The work has been done not only for God, but for your blessing and sanctification. And may the benediction of God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, bless you and remain with you forever.

CHURCH, THE BULWARK OF CIVILIZATION[1]

We come together to-day, dear ladies of the League of Catholic Women, for the very important purpose of finding ourselves in this organization, of ascertaining in what way we can be of the most service to the cause in which all are interested, and how we can perform that service in the most effective way. This implies, of course, that as yet we have not found ourselves, and this is exactly what I mean to imply, because there will be much hard work before we can obtain a clear idea of what our work is to be, and how it can be done most thoroughly.

Our lives should be devoted to one purpose, the service of Almighty God, but we are constantly wandering away from that purpose, and wasting time and energy on matters that avail little. Our great duty is to find out where we belong in this world, and how we can work most effectively. Catholics are fortunate in this that they can easily obtain this knowledge about themselves, for Almighty God has instituted His Church to inform them with exactness what their duties are, and how these are to be performed.

Outside the Church there is no reliable information on these essential matters. Non-Catholics are adrift on the sea of life without chart or compass. They are compelled to rely upon themselves alone, and discover individually the solution of their many problems. It is not at all surprising that many good souls are driven to despera-

[1] Address to Catholic Women's League, Notre Dame Academy, Fenway, June 14, 1918.

tion, illness and nervous break-down, because they attempt to answer their own far-reaching questions, a task far beyond their powers.

This lamentable condition is the result of the individualism that manifested itself in the religious revolt of the sixteenth century. When divinely appointed authority is repudiated, each individual must answer for himself in everything: in religion, in daily life, in business, in family and civic affairs. Conscientious people naturally find this lack of authoritative direction most confusing and discouraging.

Catholics are spared all this. The Church is always with them to point out the way and settle every vexing problem of life. This happy condition is the result of an organization founded by our Lord for the guidance of mankind. The world admits that the Catholic Church is the most perfect of all organizations. Even those who reject our principles and hate the Church acknowledge this fact. Though they have raged against her and have done everything they could to destroy her, they have put themselves on record as unwilling witnesses to the truth.

Hence we have the word of God about the Church, and besides this, we have the word of His enemies, in spite of themselves, in practical agreement with Christ's doctrine in regard to the Church. Every human organization since the Christian era has been fashioned along lines that imitate the Church; empires, governments, even the secret sects whose object has been to antagonize Christianity. They are poor imitations, feeble human attempts to emulate the divine, but they were the best that men could do when left to themselves. All these institutions fail and break down after a while. See how quickly the fabric of Europe has disintegrated during

the past four years. The Church alone stands, because God preserves her, and because He has given her even in a human way the most perfect organization in the world.

The philosophy of organization is an important topic, and there are certain leading phases of it, certain outstanding facts, that ought to concern you most seriously in connection with the work you have to do as members of this League of Catholic Women.

The first great fact to grasp in the matter of an organization that is to be permanent and accomplish good, is authority. This is the central idea, the basis of the fabric. There can be no unity of design, no worthy accomplishment, unless they who make up the membership submit themselves to discipline.

There must be one who commands and the others must obey, if they really wish to work for the highest good of the organization. The purpose of God's Church is to get mankind to obey God, and the entire organization of the Church, with its Hierarchy headed by the Holy Father, down to the last humble curate in an African village, exists for the mighty purpose.

The Church does not achieve entire success, because it is dealing with human beings, with their weaknesses, shortcomings and clashing wills, and because it has a human element of its own, but it does succeed in a large way. This is the lesson we must study in connection with the objects we have in view here.

The rule of authority in any organization means the subordination of individualism, the putting aside of personal interests and motives, and thorough coöperation for the cause. Magnifying the personal element, a thing that is always fatally easy, is what wrecks many organizations. A few people without notable advantages, but

thoroughly united and working together under proper supervision, will accomplish far more than a multitude disunited and undisciplined.

We must not waste energy and time in giving spasmodic and unregulated enthusiasm to outside work that comes to nothing, nor should we be carried away by advertising propaganda, so deftly managed that to the casual eye it seems like spontaneous public movement. You will remark that the secular organizations that produce good results and are of real public benefit do not proceed according to any new and magic formula, but are maintained and energized by hard work, make use of all the influence of social cohesion they can bring to bear, and thus obtain authority and its resultant unity.

There is in our time, especially, a great deal of activity and motion that attracts public attention and begets imitation, and yet produces no real good. The whirl and excitement of a great city may be impressive at first, but, when you analyze results, you find that much of this is nothing more than physical unrest. The impression made upon you is the influence of crowd psychology, but it cannot stand the searching test of examination.

There is little reason for you to be affected by this false and fruitless activity, except to this extent, that it should make you more careful to make your work count for something, to subordinate energies to wise guidance and to eliminate hysteria from organization efforts.

We must not be misled or stampeded by the mere appearance of activity. Many of the widely praised and advertised movements have their short heyday, are the sensation of a week, and then disappear from public view, overwhelmed by other movements of the same sort and equal uselessness that will in their turn disappear.

We must fix our attention and concentrate our energies on activities that are worth while, that are well organized for definite purposes, guided by leaders who know what they are about and mobilized for real and effective service. What could the armies now battling in Europe accomplish, if the individual soldiers or small groups of them were fighting according to discordant plans of their own, and were not subordinated to experienced and prudent commanders under a single head, so that millions act in faultless discipline? The Bolshevik ferment in Russia ought to be a lasting lesson for all these restless spirits who want to build without plan and attain results without organization. The secret of effective work is in unity subordinated to authority.

Another thing against which you should be on your guard, and against which as an organization of Catholic women you should strive, is a sort of decadence that is taking place among women for whom religion has lost its meaning and influence. One might be excused for thinking that multitudes of women all over the world had gone mad, so fantastic and incongruous are their performances. We see pictures of a female Battalion of Death in Russia, of women posing and parading in the garments of men, and calling themselves farmerettes or some such fanciful name. These are merely a few instances of this near-madness.

Now, apart from what might in all justice be called degeneracy, these manifestations are horrible examples of enthusiasm, earnestness and eagerness to be of service, running riot. When we survey them calmly and in accordance with the standards of true womanhood, we see that they show more clearly than anything we could say or do the need of authority and of unity in discipline.

It is, perhaps, useless to propose nuns as exemplars for the women of to-day, for it will be said that nuns are isolated from the world and fail to understand its problems and difficulties. But this cannot be said of good Catholic women. They are the true norm of womanhood in the home, and outside the home in whatever services they are called upon to perform, women who govern their actions by the rules of Christian common sense.

This brings us to another point, the sort of women we need in this organization. They need not be people of wealth, they can hardly be what are sometimes termed "social leaders," and, least of all, should they be women of that factitious nervous restlessness who imagine that nothing is done, unless there is a great deal of noise and sensationalism. What we mainly need is women of intelligence and prudence, rightly educated, in the normal sense of the word, of solid piety, and who are not impelled by self-interest, but by the ennobling idea of service, and who never lose sight of the good that the society has been instituted to accomplish.

Thus our society will derive its strength from a Catholic democracy of women, who, with native intelligence and training, and guided by proper authority, will direct their energies to the main purpose of the organization and not to side-issues.

Even at the risk of becoming tedious, I wish again to impress upon you the paramount importance of that unity that is gained only by submission to authority and discipline. These must always be the essentials of any organization that is to justify its existence. To put this on a practical basis, every Catholic society ought to have a chaplain and heed his advice.

The chaplain is not the representative of a formality

or a fiction of the law. He has a real office and this is to give direction. If the members of a society pay no attention to their chaplain or ignore his advice, follow their own whims and impulses and insist on having their own way, their organization is worse than useless, because it is giving a bad example, and it is inviting disaster.

There have been some evil instances of this, of societies taking it upon themselves to invite in to lecture to them men and women, who were not only not Catholics, but who by their reputation and utterances had made it certain that they had nothing helpful or edifying to say to Catholic men or women.

I do not enter into the motives or reasons underlying this unwarranted and un-Catholic procedure. They must be plain to all who are here, but it is sufficient to say that they have no place, and should be given no place in a Catholic society.

I am not laying down a hard and fast rule, that no one except a Catholic should be invited to address a Catholic society, but I am re-stating what is very well known as the rule for our organizations, that such matters should be submitted to the chaplain before any decision is made.

There may be occasions, and there are, when it is proper to invite as a lecturer some one who is notable for wisdom and experience in some special line of work, and whose words will do good. Some time ago, we had Mrs. Thayer here to talk to us on food conservation. She is an authority on that topic, and we wished to give her public recognition and coöperate with the State and the National Government in the work. But we did not ask her because we thought she had anything to say to Catholic women on any purely Catholic question.

Let it be clearly understood; we want no milk-and-

water policy in this Diocese; especially, we do not want it in our Catholic organizations, where it would do the most harm. When individuals in a society commit it to such a policy, they compromise the organization. If a society is to be Catholic, it must live up to the rules; there need be no difficulty on that point.

Once your organization is thoroughly Catholic, animated by Catholic principles and guided by the advice of its chaplain, there is a large field for proper coöperation in matters of public concern with other societies and movements, but this by no means includes unworthy social toadyism or compromise of any sort.

This is no arbitrary ruling. Every Catholic is subject to it, whether Cardinal, Bishop, priest, nun or official of a Catholic society. There are no exceptions. It is a fundamental principle.

These are the leading ideas with which you must become imbued, and, most of all, that of right organization, which means unity under authority and energy directed to proper and effective purpose. I may say that in these ideas is embodied the holy cause of the redemption of womanhood, of emancipating women from the foolish slavery of fashion that goes to extremes and of senseless crazes that produce only decadence and corruption of womanly ideals.

There are a thousand false guides vociferously trying to attract attention and gain votaries; there are a thousand vain and illusory programs put forth by people moved only by self-interest or something worse. The truth is not in them. No good can be effected by heeding them or being influenced in the least by them.

The old, well-trodden ways marked out by the Church and justified by bountiful good results are the only ones

for you to follow. There is no new Gospel of true womanhood. There can never be any other than the one taught by our Lord and His Church, and illustrated by the glorious example of countless holy women who are saints of God.

I would not minimize in the least the good work being done by secular societies and by good women outside the Catholic Church, or withhold one particle of the credit that is due to unselfish and devoted service. But for us, the rule in all these activities is, to make sure of the Catholic direction and do what we can for these various good causes — but along Catholic lines. Our principles are right; their truth and efficiency are established by centuries of experience.

The Catholic Church is not an experiment in any line of public and social action; it is an unqualified and demonstrated success. So we can do no better than by acting loyally and zealously in the spirit of the Church, and in conscientious union with its authorities under the direction that is given us. Then and only then, can we be sure that our effort is not wasted, that our time and energy are given to good purpose, and that as an organization we can accomplish something worth while for the salvation of souls, for Catholic interests, and for whatever good and worthy cause appeals for our coöperation.

THE SECRET OF TRUE VALOR[1]

Beloved Officers and Men: I have come to you to-day, not with any hope of adding to your knowledge of warfare. That is in other hands far more capable than mine. But I hope to bring that which is stronger than cannon or rifle ball. I come to bring you the message of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ; to bring you the Sacrament which strengthens your souls and gives courage to your hearts, the great Sacrament of Confirmation.

This great gift of God will give you power, that power without which you can never be really great fighters. Ask General Pershing what he wants and needs most from America to enable him to triumph in the great cause of our nation and of humanity, and he will answer: "Send me munitions, yes, but above all, send me men, men of discipline, men of courage."

Discipline means the readiness, the promptness, the willingness to obey commands. Without that there can be no army, for there is no order without discipline and obedience, and he who has trained his soul every day to hear the voice of God, and his conscience to obey God's law instantly and willingly is ready to serve under any command. He has disciplined himself under the law of God.

Courage! What is courage but the valor of heart which enables a man to face danger and death without fear or dread of consequences? Whence comes the great virtue

[1] Sermon at Camp Devens, Ayer, before confirmation of soldiers, Sunday, June 16, 1918.

of courage? It comes from God. He who can every day look upon his crucifix and recognize that our blessed Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, gave Himself entirely and willingly without fear of death on account of the love of God, His Father, and for our immortal souls, has already learned the virtue of courage.

Your holy religion, your Catholic Christian Faith, moulds you in the form of courage, and the great Sacrament of Confirmation strengthens and ennobles both courage and discipline. Your Faith teaches you the true value of life; it tells you that no man who is truly a man of valor need ever be afraid of death, if God is with him in life and death, and that life after all is but the preparation for a worthy, a holy and a glorious death.

Look over at what were once the fair fields of France and which are now but desert places where death stalks. There in the trenches and in the line of battle are the boys whom you knew, but they are no longer the boys as you knew them. Those boys who were so care-free, so fully pleased with life as it was, whose hearts and souls had not been touched with the fire of a great cause — these boys have been transformed by an invisible power into veritable giants fighting for a mighty purpose.

What has transformed those care-free boys into invincible champions of humanity? Look at their faces. Do you see there any signs of terror or fear? No. Do you see in their eyes any sign that they fail to realize the cause for which they are giving themselves? No. These boys now know that they are face to face with peril and perhaps death, and yet the great fire of the love of God, of the love of patriotism and the love of their country has transformed them into fearless soldiers, ready to lay down their lives any moment for God and their country.

Is not this a power, an influence greater than shrapnel or shell or cannon? Ah, beloved men, it is the soul of man that never can be conquered, the soul of man energized by the power and grace of God, and it will stand before Hell itself and never yield, because it is for God, who is eternal and invincible.

There they stand, your comrades in arms. About them, before them, is the roar of artillery and the crash of bursting shells. What is the secret of the valor they embody as they await the word of command in cool tenseness. Ask them what is the force that animates them to-day, that reveals to them the true meaning and measure of life and death, and they will tell you, as hundreds of them have told me in the messages they have sent me from the trenches. Above the din of battle you will hear this answer: "God and America. Faith and Fatherland. What is life compared to these? What is death to us now, if we die for them? Fear! We have no fear, only the eagerness to do or die."

That high message from your comrades on the field of battle, in the thick of the conflict, will inspire you to-day, and kindle in your hearts the inspiration and the eagerness to emulate their heroic courage.

Do you know the prayer that rises from the lips of your great Generalissimo, the valiant Foch, every day to heaven? Listen to it.

"Accept, Oh God, my sufferings in expiation of my sins! Cleanse my soul of every stain upon it. Keep me pure of heart, and be Thou with me till the end. Then come Death, if now it must; it will never find me more ready than now. Onward for God."

That is the prayer of your great General. That is the prayer that is rising from thousands of men all over

France to-day, and that, beloved men, is your prayer. I know your Faith. I know the noble lives you are leading here, as our boys are leading in France. I know the sacrifices you have all made.

I understand, too, the benefits that those sacrifices have brought you. I know that they have brought you to realize more and more the true purposes of life, because they have shown you the vanities of life. It is only a great cause that can sanctify our being, and it is only from God that virtue can come.

May God keep you upright, pure, noble, obedient, courageous. That, beloved men, is what I pray of God, in the name of the Holy Church, to give you to-day, in the great Sacrament of Confirmation. Your catechism tells you, and well you know, that by Confirmation we are made perfect Christians and soldiers of Jesus Christ. You are soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ. He has gone before you bearing His cross. Stand close to Him; be willing to help Him to bear that cross and the burden will become light and easy. You will face whatever happens, if it be death itself, because you know that the hand of Christ is on your heads in benediction.

Your country stands by, watching you to-day. It knows your valor: it knows your courage. Your fathers and mothers and friends are all praying that God may keep your hearts pure, your souls upright and courageous, that you may go forth like the true Crusaders of old and win, in the cause of God and America.

May God bless you all and keep you in His love. May our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, be with you to-day and forever. Pray for all the souls who need God's help, for the progress and prosperity of Holy Mother, the Church, and I beg you also to pray for me.

THE CHURCH AT THE FRONT [1]

REVEREND, dear Fathers: Called as you have been by the nation to serve your God and your country as chaplains to the United States forces, I know that you will respond to the voice of duty with the noble and unselfish sentiments, which ever and always mark the true priest and the minister of Jesus Christ.

The tremendous crisis, which our beloved nation now faces, demands from each of us the best we have to give, and in the end the priest has it in his power to give, more than any other man, the spiritual guidance, without which all material forces are inanimate.

Whenever humanity finds itself in the face of difficulties whose enormity seems almost insurmountable, it instinctively turns to God for aid; and when material forces work their havoc upon civilization, the great hope has always been that the strengthening of the powers of the soul will give that vigor, energy and resistance before which brute force utterly falls.

We have watched, day by day, the progress of the powers of brutal energy against right, and we have seen under our eyes how the noblest sentiments of the soul, the sense of justice and duty, have risen like a tremendous tide, lifting the soul of the nations above all petty personal considerations into the ample realms of true patriotism in which only the consecrated love of country rules.

Stunned momentarily at the beginning by the con-

[1] Address to chaplains called to duty in army and navy, August 1, 1918.

siderations of the enormity of the task, and surprised in our too trustful unpreparedness to meet it, we have beheld, with a glorious satisfaction, how, under the stress and strain, America, with an amazing energy and alertness, has gathered into her powerful hands the tremendous forces which like thunderbolts she is now hurling against the foe.

But with even greater joy and satisfaction have we witnessed that, while she collected from the four corners of this great land the material resources of men, munitions and money with a wisdom evidently inspired by God himself, she has gathered, too, those spiritual means and measures which alone arouse both in the fighting forces abroad and the quiet workers at home that spirit of moral courage, the determination to bear and suffer all things rather than yield to the wrong, which is the very surest presage of our final and speedy triumph.

Our hearts have been thrilled to the core by the voice of the nation's President, calling the whole country to kneel before the God of Nations, and, humbly acknowledging our own defects and deficiencies, implore the aid of His almighty power.

That is an example of high wisdom and still higher duty which Americans may well be proud to set before all the other nations in the conflict. It is the living proof, for which we thank God, that, if our nation has been blessed by Providence as none other, with all the resources of wealth and prosperity, the great bulk of the people has kept its soul unsullied by them, and the rulers of America know the mind and heart of the people and recognize that all true power is from God.

In all this sudden leap into the light of the highest moral forces which a mollifying prosperity had momen-

tarily dulled, the great and historic Catholic Church of Christ has been the leader and the guide. Its Hierarchy, priests and people, from the moment the nation entered the conflict, have pointed the way to highest patriotic duties, by inculcating instant obedience to those laws and measures which the emergency demanded, with the result that over a third of the forces in the field and on the sea are at the same time her loyal children and America's defenders. At the very front and in the very first trenches, side by side with our soldiery, is the priest, living the same life of hardship, facing daily the same danger of death.

It has filled my soul with consolation to learn through messages, sent from our generals highest in command in France, that our priests are a constant sublime example of purest life and unflinching courage, and that this sublime example, beheld at the very closest range, is a daily inspiration to all the soldiers, no matter what their faith.

From both the chaplains, Doherty the Catholic and Rollins the Protestant, the story is precisely the same; so that sending you, as we now do, to answer the nation's highest call, we do so with the conviction that you, like your brother priests already in the field, leaving all else behind, will face your very highest duties and embrace the most difficult of them as your very sublimest opportunities.

Go, therefore, beloved sons, your hearts filled to overflowing with the love of Christ, who goes before you, bearing the standard of His holy Cross. Go, beloved children of America, courageously to take your part in this war against war, and may the blessing of God go with you.

May your holy deeds sanctify a holy cause. May those

to whom you go gather from your presence and your actions a deeper love of God, a greater flame of enthusiastic love of America.

As to-day you aid America in her fight for justice and right and for all who are oppressed by tyranny, so may you soon, with God's help, ring out a glorious Te Deum of victory, the first notes of the anthem which America, leading all the nations of the earth, will raise to the eternal God, our highest Ruler, our only King.

A LIFE LIVED FOR GOD[1]

To all of us here who have known and admired the woman whose sacred remains now lie before us, it is a source of consolation and gratitude that God granted her prayer that she might die close to the Tabernacle of her sweet Lord, whom she had so devoutly loved since the age of twenty, now sixty-five years ago, when she learned first the secret of God's treasure house, His divine presence in the Sacrament of His Love.

These sacred ceremonies in this holy place are just as she would have wished them to be, simplicity itself. It was her perfect simplicity, the simplicity of the truly noble of mind and heart, that was the keynote of her character. It was the secret at once of her perfect peace of mind and her unshakable strength of soul.

I have known Miss Cary during all my priestly life, and in all that time the serene holiness of her truly great character, her wonderful and perfect consistency and her unceasing labor for God and His Church have ever been to me a most edifying example, a stimulus and encouragement along the highest and holiest ways.

She was a truly noble soul. Her mind was characterized by that seriousness and elevation of thought which only the noble possess. With this nobility of soul, gentle though it ever was, went a strength of character that was as virile as her manner was kindly.

The leading note of her whole life was genuineness of

[1] Eulogy of Miss Emma Forbes Cary, in chapel of Convent of the Cenacle, Brighton, Friday, August 9, 1918.

mind and heart, of thought and action. This was notable even in her earliest years. While nothing that was beautiful was alien to her, it was the truth alone and always that mattered, and once the truth in any line of life became clear to her, she followed it no matter where it would lead and still less matter by whom it was revealed to her. It was this noble quality of a superior mould of mind and heart which brought her straight to the portals of Christ's true Church.

As a young girl, while those about her were intent upon the vanities of life, she, though no stoic, was intent mostly upon those things which outlast all vanities. So it was, that, when Harriet Ryan, a simple handmaid of her household, unconsciously, by her sublime faith and holy example, revealed to her the path which alone led to perfect truth, she left all and followed it consistently to the end.

It was another repetition of the sweet and powerful influence well known in the very earliest ages of the Church, of the humble ones of earth bringing to their masters and mistresses the divine light which illumines the darkness.

Harriet Ryan little dreamed that the sanctity and purity of her life were day by day bringing nearer and nearer to the feet of God the beautiful and proud young lady whom she daily served in simplicity and faith. Such are the wonderful and powerful, though unseen, spiritual forces by which again and again a loving and patient God touches the souls of those who grope in the shadows, and, by that subtle but efficacious touch, makes perfectly manifest what hitherto was but mist and mystery.

For it is God's way, since He is Omnipotence, to use

the little things of earth to conquer the strong and the foolish things to confound the wise. The eyes of many are opened, but, alas, their feet refuse to tread the path which the light reveals. Not so with Emma Cary. With her always, so genuine she was, to see was to walk, to know was to do, and, though the instrument of God was humble to her human eyes, she recognized that it was Divine Wisdom itself who acted upon her soul through the humility of His handmaid and hers. She thanked God for His guidance, and, hesitating only long enough to make sure of her inspiration, she straightforth entered the portals of Holy Church, and from that moment she dedicated to her Divine Lord all that she had to give.

Hand in hand with the perfect confidence of a supreme Love, she walked with the Son of God, and for sixty-five years she spent her entire life with Him and for Him, yearning constantly only for the complete union which death alone could bring. She lived each day a life of holy activity, and, as the years passed and her forces weakened, she longed the more passionately to be dissolved and be with Christ.

The nobility of her character was written upon the features of her wonderful countenance, perfect straightforwardness, perfect uprightness and perfect sincerity. Surrounded all her life by an atmosphere, if not of open hostility, certainly of questioning and doubt, she moved with calm serenity and complete confidence.

In Cambridge, she lived in the very midst of intellectual vagaries, but they never even touched the fringe of her faithful soul. She knew and met frequently the many learned and great men of her neighborhood, but she said to me once, "I admire all these men and women who seem to be earnestly seeking for the truth, but I see

them come and I see them go and I wonder that they never realize that the theories, which to-day they hold as sacred, to-morrow are faded and withered and decayed, and I pray only the more fervently that God may show them His truth."

She was neither cynical nor impatient with them. She was too big of soul to be intolerant, nor did she even pity them, though she prayed fervently for them. She knew that she possessed no passing theory but the eternal truth of God. This alone is profoundest wisdom. Those about her were testing their theories by the ever-shifting, never satisfying standards of human life. They sought a sign and none was given them but the sign of the burial of the Son of God, a sign of humiliation and of contradiction which the learned ones of earth without the supreme light of faith can never understand.

Her beautiful and pure soul, once she saw the light of God, turned instinctively towards the inner life of holiness, and there in constant communication with God she acquired by continuous meditation and prayer an intimacy of relationship which made her faith unshakeable. In all else, she was gentleness and sweetness, in that she was immovable, as a rock.

There was nothing of the Puritan about her, even though she came from Puritan ancestors, for she had a largeness of mind and a generosity of heart, a kindly, Christlike understanding of the foibles and the weaknesses of human nature, that were truly Catholic.

Emma Cary, in giving all that she possessed to God, had received in return His wonderful and supernatural gifts of high wisdom and rare understanding and profound knowledge. But she did not close herself up merely to caress these gifts of God, she went out into the high-

ways and the byways, as long as she could walk, to labor for Christ and His people. She worked for them until the day she died.

As Prison Commissioner for many long years, she labored often under trying and tedious conditions, and, when old age and weakness came, a weakness purely physical, never mental, she still continued to work at home.

When Radcliffe College was founded in the interest of the higher education of women, her sister, Mrs. Agassiz, one of the foremost figures in the movement, gave herself up to the work of intellectual advance in this now famous school; but, while Mrs. Agassiz worked for mere intellectual advancement, Miss Cary devoted herself to the more profound and more urgent need of the recognition and training of the higher moral life, and no sooner was Radcliffe opened by Mrs. Agassiz than Miss Cary founded the Radcliffe Catholic Club, and here, indeed, was a sisterly completion which in reality turned out to be the highest and finest coöperation.

Week after week she gathered the young Catholic women of the college in the parlors of her own beautiful and refined Christian home, and there she engaged to speak before them the best minds and teachers of true science and true religion, and advanced the beautiful and perfectly harmonious relations which always exist between the one and the other.

At these gatherings this noble lady sat with a stateliness that was more than queenly, surrounded by these young girls whom she guided and encouraged along the higher roads of the spiritual life, teaching them the profound secrets of the earthly life upon which they were only at the threshold, while she was nearly at its end.

She kept her remarkable intellect as keen as a youth, and, even in her last days, one was most impressed by the evidence of her perfect possession of her highest mental faculties.

It was a sound moral tonic for these young girls to live at least for a while near this genuine and cultivated lady, for whom the silly fashions and frivolities had never had the slightest attraction. They learned merely by being with her how infinitely superior is the wealth of a fine and noble character to all the passing folly of modern feminine life, how much more of value are the sanctity and sweetness and dignity of the truly Christian woman than all the flippancy and hollowness of the passing show.

Miss Cary in her religious life was neither erratic nor ecstatic nor fanatic. She was simply a woman of complete devotion to her Catholic ideal and full to the brim of common sense. There was no trace of luxury of any kind anywhere about her. She was too genuinely refined for that and kept herself, her home and her whole life perfectly simple. She interfered with the liberty of no one, but she insisted absolutely on her own. She was in perfect peace with all about her, just because she was perfectly confident that she was on the right road, and perfectly determined to follow it to the end.

Miss Cary, though converted to the Church in her earliest years, was never what is known as a mere convert. From the very first, she put aside all the old leaven and accepted absolutely and unqualifiedly all that the Church offered, in a genuinely Catholic spirit. She was simply a Catholic. That was enough and that was all.

Firm as a rock in her own convictions, she could not help showing occasionally a slight annoyance with those who lacked a fullness of faith; and I remember well seeing

a symptom of this at a little gathering of her friends, where a recent convert expressed herself as being very shocked and not a little scandalized at the destruction of a church and the death of a nun by lightning. Why should lightning strike a church and a nun at prayer? Miss Cary was silent a moment and then remarked to the speaker, in her own calm way, "You have still to learn in the Catholic Church that God knows more than we and can perfectly be trusted to rule His own world." That was all, but it served its purpose supremely.

There was nothing one-sided to Miss Cary's Catholicism, it was complete. She understood well the lesson of the net of Peter. She knew full well that a church, whose very name was Catholic, must be all-embracing, that in it would be the poor as well as the rich, indeed especially the poor, that the learned and the illiterate were there, that there, too, would be noble souls with their noble ways and the simple people with their simple ways. She found that God's Church was like God's world, created for the happiness of all.

During all her life she helped others, but in helping others she worked solely for God. She accepted and used all the gifts that God had given her, and they were very many, for the glory of God, her own sanctification and the edification of others. This is the only true greatness, and for this she was a truly great woman.

The circle of those who knew her personally may be small, but her influence will be felt by thousands who knew her only as a name. The room of her Cambridge home was the cell of a saint, and the waves of her saintliness, enlarged by the power of God, will reach an horizon far beyond the radius of her acquaintances. Her beautiful, noble, Catholic life on earth is now ended and her

eternal reward, the only one for which she labored all her life, has only begun. So let us pray with Holy Church, "Eternal rest grant unto her, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine upon her. Amen."

THE CROSS AND THE FLAG[1]

WHAT a wonderful journey you have made, the first of its kind, perhaps, in the history of the world! Long and tedious and tiresome it must frequently have been but for the motive, which inspired it, and speeded the van of faith on its glorious course through desert places, over mountain passes, along majestic rivers, by quiet villages, amid the teeming cities of industry, and which gained force as nearer and nearer grew the vision of home.

The zeal for religion which inspired the journey made its hardships easy, and, now that the journey is ended, you may well rejoice at the fruits of it and take well-deserved satisfaction from the memory which it now brings.

You have fulfilled well your mission. I feel sure that you have scattered a sacred seed all along that glorious path — of the love of religion and of the love of America. For that was the mandate given you when last I saw you, before beginning your great and holy adventure. "Make the Church better known and America more beloved," these were my words to you and you have observed them well.

Above your chariot of faith and patriotism, side by side were lifted the banner of Christ and the Stars and Stripes. On one side of it, were the immortal words of Washington, on the other, the battle hymn of faith, and your motto was a glorious one, "For Faith and Fatherland." To make both better known and better loved is

[1] Address at Boston Common to Catholic Truth Guild, August 18, 1918.

the noblest cause in all the world to labor for, and God will surely bless those who labor in this sacred cause.

We are proud of the splendid patriotism which our boys manifest to-day upon the battlefields of Europe. They are willingly offering their lives that liberty may not perish, and every true American to-day is glad to offer of his best for America's triumph and America's glory.

Shall we do less for God and His truth? Must we not show before the world the same and even a higher sentiment of courage and generosity than that which the soldier shows for his flag? This sacred enterprise undertaken in His name gives assurance that, while we fight for America's honor and the cause of freedom, we are not unmindful of the Church's honor and the cause of God.

The messages you have brought me from those great sentinels of religion all along your route, from Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco and many other of my colleagues in faith, bring joy and consolation to us all. We are all striving alike to be good Americans and good Catholics. The track you have traced from the old settlement of St. Francis to Boston will ever be a sacred bond which binds us all stronger than ever to our holy Church and our beloved country.

We thank them all from the bottom of our hearts for the friendly welcome they offer to us through you.

May God reward your efforts for His glory and the country's welfare, and may the success of this glorious venture be to you only a stimulus to still higher efforts, unselfish labor and untiring zeal, and may the blessing of God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost descend upon you and abide with you forever. Amen.

ARCHITECTS OF A NATION'S GREATNESS[1]

Dear Religious, Brothers and Sisters, and all engaged in the sacred work of Catholic Education:

I look forward every year to this happy occasion, when we meet for the purpose of stimulating interest in the great work of training the youth and of promoting that unity of effort which our Holy Mother, the Church, so beautifully typifies, and without which all our endeavors would be in vain.

I come to you to-day not only as your spiritual father under whose direction you are faithfully laboring, but as your friend and admirer, for long experience has acquainted me with the methods and spirit of the religious who have so devotedly spent themselves for the promotion of religion in this Archdiocese, in this country and throughout the world.

Only time can bring a full realization of the perfect dedication of mind, heart and soul of the religious of this Archdiocese to the accomplishment of the spiritual duties that confront them, and of the splendid success that has crowned their efforts.

For seventeen years as Bishop, I have been brought into intimate contact with the religious. Every day witnesses my increased admiration for the wonderful spirit that prompts you, for your perfect self-sacrifice, devotedness to duty and entire resignation to the will of God.

[1] Address to Teachers' Institute at Boston College Hall, August 23, 1918.

We all have our work to do for God, for country and for the people with whom we live; but that work will be successful only in so far as it is energized by the spirit of the religious.

One of my happiest duties as a Bishop is the visitation of the Religious Orders of the Diocese. On such occasions, I feel myself in an atmosphere of holiness, of dedication to God. Selfishness there is entirely absent. Everything is done for the greater glory of God. This accounts for the splendid achievements that we see on all sides. It is not merely the work that is being done, it is the spirit that prompts it that excites our admiration.

There are many who work and toil and slave to acquire honor, wealth and pleasure that flit away after a few short years. They accomplish nothing really worth while. We can only regret that the spirit of the Church does not animate the world. The spirit of religion alone can work wonders.

Almighty God in His infinite wisdom chooses the weak ones of the world for the accomplishment of great things. He takes men and women who have renounced the world to carry on His mission among men, who work not for the things that make for material success. These good men and women possess none of the qualities the world sets up as standards. They are content and happy to be humble instruments in the hands of God for the accomplishment of His sublime purposes.

They are as clay in the hands of the potter. God moulds their lives and makes of them magnificent instruments for the extension of His Kingdom among men. They are the finest, the noblest, the most perfect agents for the advancement of all human activities. Their work is the only saving influence in the world to-day.

Without their efforts and the spirit that invigorates them, might would be in the ascendancy and anarchy would reign. In a struggle where each one seeks only his own selfish interests, there can issue forth nothing but disorder and turmoil; where unity of purpose is wanting, there can be nothing but tumult and confusion.

Dear Brothers and Sisters, a deep consciousness of all that you have done and are doing, and a realization of the enormous sacrifices entailed in its performance, lead me to extend to you my most sincere and heartfelt thanks. The voice of your spiritual father is for you the voice of God; for his authority is from God. Therefore, my expressions of gratitude as God's representative in this Diocese should encourage and stimulate you in your fine work, and be to you a source of joy and consolation.

You merit this because, through your zeal and tireless devotion, the work of this great Diocese has become more unified than ever before. This unity of effort now evident on all sides will exert an overpowering influence on the world, and, we may well hope, will bring forth gratifying fruits in quarters where they are least expected.

Your meekness and humility are in striking contrast to the haughtiness and intellectual pride of the world which rejects the light of God, the aid of divine grace and the guidance of the Almighty; whose vision is obscured because it will not accept the truth. The Church, recognizing the errors of men, utters constant warnings, but her saving words fall on deaf ears.

The conceit of the world is one of the most outstanding facts of history. Generation follows generation, but with the passage of time and men the world does not learn. One would suppose that the failures of the past would force the admission that the Church with her long and

glorious career of twenty centuries of honorable achievement must be in the right, and that the judgments of the world are palpably erroneous. But such is not the case.

The eternal conflict between the forces of evil and of good still rages. Men refuse guidance through pride, and the consequence is that the pathway of centuries is strewn with failures. When one sees nothing in the track of time but ruin and wreckage, when one thinks of what secularization of the schools has done in the countries that once were Catholic, when one stops to reflect on the mighty achievements of the great Christian masters under the guidance and direction of the Church, he is amazed to find that there is still such folly among learned men as to lead them to reject the one great boast of our civilization, the Church.

But you, beloved Religious, are happy in the possession of the true faith. The very basis of Catholic training is religion which inspires love of God and devotion to country. Love of God is impossible with those who refuse obedience to the laws of the nation. And it is equally true that he who refuses allegiance to country and subjection and recognition to its laws cannot be a true and loyal follower of Christ.

These facts must inevitably force themselves upon the notice of the leaders of the people. Irreligious instruction fathers false science, disunion and moral decay; any system of education that banishes God from its curriculum is insidious and false.

Our prominent non-Catholic educators know this to be true, but they are yet in good part unwilling to make the avowal, at least openly. But public opinion is beginning to assert itself and to demand the reëstablishment

of religion in the schools. Without the guidance of religion, true instruction is impossible.

Our obligations in the matter of training the youth are clear and well-defined. It is our sacred duty to set the best possible example for the nation. In this we must exercise the patience and conscientiousness that become us as Catholics and Christians.

We may be thankful that the State has not invaded the schools. There are forces that have attempted to interfere, but the State has ever observed a worthy and dignified aloofness, and tolerates no interference. The responsibility, therefore, devolves on us to give the best that we have, in order that the world may see the truth of our position, and, in its full realization, not only encourage us to continue our efforts, but, itself, strive to emulate the Catholic ideal, at least, in aim and desire.

Hence, we must keep alive in the schools the spirit of God. Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the fact that the religious are best qualified to carry out this noble purpose. The very sight of your religious habit will be an inspiration. The calmness of your manner, the meekness of your disposition — even under trial — the patience with which you bear up under the trying strain that must come during the course of the school year, the willing way in which you expound the principles of faith and morals, all this will not only vindicate the truth of our position, but will create a strong and lasting impression among men and bring to the State greater strength, and to the nation a more vigorous life.

Our beginnings were small, but, through hard and persistent work and sacrifice, we have built a mighty system whose achievements have attracted the attention and admiration of the world. Wherever the product of our

schools is found, there is experienced a satisfaction in which we may take a pardonable pride. The children of the parochial schools always find a cordial welcome in whatever line they may choose to pursue because of their honesty, their purity and their notable efficiency.

I came to say a word of commendation and affection. May God reward you as He alone can. One last word, foster unity, acquire new methods in keeping with your ideal, and work together according to your Holy Rule in simplicity, devotedness and practicableness, under the guidance of your own Superiors and of those entrusted with the direction of education. God will do the rest.

LOYALTY IN SERVICE[1]

It is a source of great joy and comfort to me to be present to-day at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of this church. The original St. Augustine's was built nearly ninety-nine years ago. With God's grace and help, we will celebrate its centenary next year.

An anniversary is always an occasion of reminiscence. It is, so to speak, a time when we take a retrospect of the intervening years, in the present instance, one half a century. This is not long in the life of a nation, much less still in the history of the Church. But these commemorations bring vividly before our minds not only the story of individual parishes, but the deeper and more richly significant truths of our Faith.

The beautiful churches that now abound in this great Diocese, and that offer such facilities for divine worship, were erected at great sacrifice. We can scarcely realize the burdens, the hardships, that were cheerfully undergone to establish and maintain them. Only God can fully know the measure of love and devotion of those who have gone before us. We see only the fruits of their labors in the form of magnificent temples and thriving parishes.

This parish could never have been built by any priest, be he ever so able and devoted, without the energetic coöperation of a responsive, generous and faithful people. The leaders of the Church of God, after all, are but humble instruments. It is the blessing of God on the work of the priest that brings it to a glorious fruition.

[1] Sermon at Golden Jubilee of St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, September 8, 1918.

An anniversary may be a sad event, especially if it commemorates past glory, but holds no promise for the future. While we gaze back through years of achievement that are gone forever, we must at the same time look ahead into the future unto the day of triumphant victory.

Eminent success has crowned your work. Almighty God has blessed this district and bestowed upon it signal favors. But if we seek the reason, it will be found in the fact that unflagging faith and a splendid generosity of heart adorned both priests and people of this locality.

Faith can move mountains. But together with faith we must have a large spirit of charity. Our Lord laid particular stress on the necessity of a broad and unfathomable love. These virtues He demanded in all who aspired to be His disciples. These He exacted from His Apostles who were to go forth into the whole world and preach the saving truths of Christianity to all nations. These He looks for in those who represent Him to-day. Through prosperity and adversity, His leaders must never waver in their faith or in their charity.

Even of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles and Visible Head of the Church, Christ demanded a profession of faith and love. He was fully conscious of the weakness and hesitating faith of men. He realized that often the wells of truth are poisoned by the evil tongue, and so, to try the fidelity and faith of him whom He would make the foundation stone of Christendom, and whose throne would survive kingdom, monarchy and republic and grow ever more glorious through the eternal years, He said to Peter and the rest: "But whom do you say that I am?" Peter responded, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." Our Savior rewarded Peter for his constancy and beautiful confession of faith by answering "Blessed art

Thou, Simon Bar-Jona, because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father, Who is in Heaven. And I say to thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

But faith is not enough. There must also be present that spontaneous impulse to do good which we call love.

How overpowering the love of a mother! It is this expression of devotedness that captivates the world and wins from men unmeasured respect for motherhood. How admirable love of country! It questions not, but impels all to protect its honor and integrity. It inspires every citizen to give the last full measure of personal sacrifice and service to ensure its prosperity and permanence. Yet, though beautiful the love of motherhood, and attractive and compelling the love of country, the love of God is all embracing. Our Blessed Lord demands no less of us than the child demands of the mother and the nation of its citizens.

This was evinced toward the end of the earthly mission of Our Lord. When His work was nearly completed and the time arrived when He would go to His Father and place another in His stead, who would be His visible representative on earth, He asked a testimony not alone of faith but of love. He well knew that, if men were to be placed in positions of supreme trust, they must entertain no merely selfish ambitions nor be given over to an egotism that would frustrate His high designs.

Hence Our Blessed Lord demanded the test of love from Peter. He required an open profession of devotion to Him before entrusting him with the supreme government of the universal Church. Our Lord asked Peter: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me more than these? He

saith to Him: Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith to Him: Feed my Lambs. He saith to him again: Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me? He saith to Him: Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith to him: Feed my Lambs. He said to him the third time: Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me? Peter was grieved because He said to him the third time: Lovest thou Me? And he said to Him: Lord, Thou knowest all things: Thou knowest that I love Thee. He said to him: Feed my sheep." Though the faith of St. Peter was unfaltering, yet Our Savior demanded this triple profession of love ere He gave to Peter his divine commission.

Faith and love are the very mainsprings of the greatest successes that have been chronicled in the Church's history. It is not the luminaries of intelligence that have achieved great things, though in their own way they have accentuated to a cold and calculating world the necessity of religion, of the Church's existence among men. It is rather men of noble impulse, men of love, men who act through no selfish motives, but give heart, soul and mind unstintedly for the extension of God's Kingdom, who ennoble themselves, the cause that they espouse, and the world that they seek to draw to the feet of the Master. Faith fired with love and zeal for Christ attracts universal admiration. That is what I find among you, my dear priests and people, and that is what I love among you.

There is no cold, selfish calculation of what you should do, or how or why you should do it. Your great and generous impulses of loyalty are evidenced, whenever the service of God or country calls you.

The amount of service we render to God will be the measure of His blessings toward us. If we give sparingly, we receive in like proportion. But if we are generous and

give out of the fullness of our hearts, with no thought of self, but all for God's greater honor and glory, then, indeed, we may defy earthly wisdom but we win the favor of heaven. The world sees nothing but self, and men who court the world gain but fleeting pleasure.

Gracious and loyal service is not imprudent in the light of divine love. It will come back in a thousand different ways. How many blessings it will purchase for our boys, your sons, who are now offering their lives on the fields of battle in defence of the high ideals of our civilization! How wonderful that thrill of love for country that puts all else except the love of God aside, and dedicates life and fortune to the permanency of our nation! It is a god-given love, a god-given inspiration. Its noble ambition is to safeguard our liberties, and to secure those principles upon which just government must rest, and, in this distinguished service to country, they are rendering notable service to God.

And so, beloved children in Christ, the great work which we commemorate to-day gives abundant testimony to the faith and generous love of your priests. You have nobly coöperated with them. This unity of purpose, faith in God and love for His Divine Son, is the highest and noblest end for which we can strive in this life. All else will soon pass away.

The earth, the visible universe with all its honors and glory, will one day cease to be. But if we can enkindle in the hearts of our people for whom Christ suffered and died a steadfast faith in God, and inflame their hearts with a spontaneous and generous love to keep inviolable His holy law, we all will achieve a glorious triumph not for fifty years but for all eternity.

That I know you will accomplish, dear priests and

people. You are laboring unceasingly with me to that end. That is the comfort that you can give us in return for whatever we can offer to you. Our lives, our intelligence, our time and efforts are all yours. Under God our cause must prosper.

Be ever united. Let the bond of faith and love never be weakened among you. Let it grow stronger and more vigorous as time goes on, so that no forces can ever undo the good that has been so splendidly begun. Teach your children to love their church, even as you and your fathers were devoted to your priests and Bishops. Under God, they are our hope and the promise of the Church's future greatness.

The world to-day is filled with pitfalls and snares. Only living faith and burning love can protect us from the frequent revolts of men against religion. Faith and love, these will be our safeguards against wavering loyalty to God. They will inspire a steadfast courage and beget a spirit of unity.

Let not individual differences interfere with the accomplishment of your laudable work. We are all God's children, united in faith, love and devotion.

Let us thank God for these fifty fruitful years, and for the admirable work that His good priests and people have achieved. With God's grace and blessing, that work shall continue unabated, and your triumphs of the past shall be but the forecast of even greater things in the years that lie before us.

TWO GREAT CIVIC POWERS[1]

My Lords and Gentlemen:

On my part and on the part of the Catholic people of this Province, I extend to you a most genuine and hearty welcome.

You represent to us two great civic powers, each in its way a maker and sharer in the world's progress: Great Britain with its wonderful colonial system, its traditions of commerce with all the world, and, saving one exception which will soon be no exception, its concept of equable and sensible government; France with its historic Gallic genius for all the arts and the refinements of civilized life and its Latin idealism reaching out to the better things of the spirit, glorious in its patriotic devotion in all things, save one recent exception which we know will soon be no exception.

Surely this little gathering in calling these things to mind means very much. But it means much more than that. It means that the greatest spiritual power, the greatest of all moral forces in these two great nations, yes in all the world, is represented at this gathering. Here are a Bishop of England and a Bishop of France.

In these days when whole empires are dissolving, when the old order is breaking up everywhere and a new set of conditions in human affairs is seeking to find itself and to formulate itself, surely no one can be so blind as not to see that in all the turmoil, the seething unrest, the dissolu-

[1] Address to members of English Ecclesiastical Mission to the United States, at Hotel Somerset, Tuesday, November 5, 1918.

tion of old historic establishments and the general rearrangement and reconstruction of ideas of government, in the new apportioning and division and subdivision of all kinds of human interests which the war has set violently in motion, some stable, rational, equable norm must be found, that the civilization of the world may be guaranteed, and that anarchy and chaos, the outgrowth of license, may be held in check for the welfare of all nations and the good order of all humanity.

No one can possibly doubt that the Catholic Church, its Head, its Hierarchy and its loyal children, represent as nothing else can that sane norm, that just and stable equilibrium of moral law.

The story of England and Ireland and France and Austria and Germany furnishes ample and abundant proof that in these tremendous upheavals the one institution, which always remains stable and steadfast, which understands the people, which knows how to yield unessentials and hold unflinchingly to the essentials of human government, based on justice, is the throne of the Fisherman, the Catholic Church of Christ.

Bishop Gore of Oxford recently stated here in Boston that Englishmen now see that hitherto the government of Ireland by England was not government but misgovernment; that the Protestants of Ulster were not really Irish at all; that they had been put there to block things in Ireland; that they had been blocking them ever since; and that now the real English wanted the real Irish to get the government they wanted for themselves. That statement of a learned Anglican Bishop who knows history, who knows the English and who knows facts and is big enough to face them and state them, constitutes a very strong testimony that England is awake to a great

duty and intends to perform it in a manner worthy of herself, for in other things England is very great.

Another very significant and equally strong statement of conditions which has travelled with lightning speed throughout America, indeed throughout the whole English-speaking world — which is largely Irish remember — is that made by Bishop Keating a few days ago at the very Capital of this Country, and within hearing of the British Embassy, "The work of the Commission for Ireland must not be in vain — the red hand of Ulster must disappear and Prussianism must pass in Ireland as elsewhere." These words from an English Catholic Bishop have very serious weight.

We accept both these statements, made on solemn public occasions, in perfect deliberation, by eminently representative Englishmen, occupying, at least for the moment, some official position, as being the true sentiment and the real voice of the real people of England. In that case and under those circumstances, we look forward to the day when, all past misunderstandings behind us, like good Christians and good Americans, we shall love the English people as only Celtic hearts can love those who, recognizing the injustices of a cruel past, wipe out all its stains by one superb act of splendid, generous and just recognition of the right.

We thank Bishop Gore for the preamble and Bishop Keating for the text of a great international document, which soon will be verified in deed as well as word. England has a glorious chance. She must not fail us. She will not fail. The Gael and the Puritan will then say together: "Let us forget the wrongs and sorrows of the past in the joy and happiness, the peace and contentment, of the present, and the glorious hopes of the future.

Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who have trespassed against us." May God's blessing unite in love two nations so long separated by misunderstanding.

England gave Longfellow, offspring of the Puritan, a niche in Westminster Abbey. May not an O'Connell one day go back a pilgrim to Lough Derg, the shrine of his ancestors, and there, on the soil hallowed by the footsteps of St. Patrick, kneel in solitude and silence, his hands upraised to Heaven, his face toward Albion, and, while tears of gratitude fill his eyes, thank God that at last Erin, long suffering, unhappy but ever faithful Erin, is herself once more, self-governed, self-ruled, self-sustained? God grant it soon. Ireland's sufferings demand it. England's greatness will accomplish it.

In the working out of the destiny of all the peoples of the earth, as that destiny is to form itself into definite shape to face the new age just beginning, for face it the whole world, every one, every class, every condition, must, there will undoubtedly, alas, be some confusion, some overstepping of lawful bounds, some excesses of human passion. But the great bulk of humanity is normal — normal-minded, normal-hearted. It will, if it must for a moment, be overridden by the tempest of passion let loose upon the whole earth. But all the normal minds and hearts in the world will soon prevail and see that order be restored, order in government, in commerce, in human associations of civil life, in the family, municipality and state.

In the end order will prevail, and, let us hope, quickly. The voice of Peter will be heard with respect. The calm, far-seeing, disinterested vision of our great President will scan the whole horizon. The voice of America will unite in glorious harmony with the voices of all the govern-

ments of free nations. Great Britain and France and Italy and the other powerful democracies will swell into a great chorus, drowning the din of confusion in the solemn chant of the angelic host, "Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on earth to men of good will." And once more, under new and better and more just and brighter conditions, humanity will take up its task of uniting for the common good of all, rich and poor, weak and strong, for God's glory and man's greatest happiness.

In that task, which humanity must now undertake, the Catholic Bishops of the world will have a great share. As representatives of that great, helpful, universal, moral power, striving already by your visit here to work in sweet harmony with all, your passing will bring a blessing and a hope. May you succeed even beyond your hopes.

No Bishop of England can feel himself a stranger in Boston. Our first Bishop, Carroll, was consecrated in Lulworth Castle by the Vicar Apostolic of England. That constitutes a spiritual tie which cannot be ignored. We have a common language and practically a common code of laws. Boston was named after the old English Saint Botolph. The original colonists were in the main of English blood.

Boston is no longer Puritan. It is largely Celtic, but the children of the Gael and the children of the Puritan live together in perfect peace and harmony. England, unfortunately, once misunderstood both. But there are signs which promise better feeling and better understanding. I single out two, both from English Bishops, which have brought great comfort to the longing hearts of all Americans.

FRANCE AND AMERICA[1]

MONSEIGNEUR, in your presence, I behold France — Catholic, Christian France — the France of glorious achievements for God (Gesta Dei Per Francos), the France of sublime traditions of holy Faith, the France which has held foremost place in all movements of civilization because foremost in evangelization, the France once glorious and superb, the France now triumphant even in her ruined Cathedrals.

No Bishop of France can be a stranger in Boston whose first Bishop died a Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, and whose great spiritual pioneer, Matignon, still hallows by his sacred ashes the soil of Boston.

We have watched you, you Monseigneur, and all your saintly and heroic colleagues, during all the long dreary period of the dark days now drawing toward the dawn of a better time. Your heroism has thrilled us. Your patience has calmed us. Your perseverance has strengthened us.

France and America have always been firm friends. In our days of trial, France aided us. Now in France's life-and-death struggle, America has come to her help. The blood of our sons has been poured out on the soil of France. Now the heavy cross is being lifted from off our shoulders. Calvary is passed, and already we see the aurora of the Resurrection.

In the great happiness and joy of that Easter, two

[1] Address to members of French Ecclesiastical Mission to the United States, at Hotel Somerset, Tuesday, November 5, 1918.

immortal rays of glory will shine down upon France from Calais to Verdun — the sisterly succor of America's sons, and the heroic loyalty of France's priesthood. We know that France can never forget either the one or the other, and as we here pledge to each other the mutual love of France and America, so also do we pledge that both France and America will never forget what the holy faith, the Christian fortitude, the heroic loyalty of the priests both of France and America have done to keep aloft amid the smoke of battle the banner of truth, of justice and love, the Cross of Christ.

THE FAITH OF THE IMMIGRANT

Mr. Toastmaster and Fellow-Knights of Columbus:

I thank you for this crowning feature of a glorious and historic day, one of the days in a lifetime for which a man can honestly and humbly give thanks to God.

This day and occasion rise in importance and meaning above any mere personal consideration. They represent to me the one thing which has always been uppermost in my heart and aspirations, the triumph of our good people, a triumph that has come to them after years of toil and unrecognized labor, after the endless difficulties that confronted them in early years in this country and in this city. While they who have gone before us enjoy their peace with God, we are reaping the benefits of what they wrought.

It is to them that all the honor and glory are due. Our fathers and mothers came here as immigrants to a soil where they were not welcome, under conditions that made life very hard, so hard, in fact, that, were it not for the consolations of religion, they would have been unendurable.

Reflect on the strength and vigor and valor of those men and women, on the character they wrought in us in one generation by their confidence in God. You have heard from the lips of your mothers, you have seen in the daily toil of your fathers, the strong and abiding trust, that God would, out of all those hard conditions, bring to

[1] Address to members of Lowell Council, Knights of Columbus, on the occasion of the dedication of O'Connell Parkway, also Silver Jubilee of the Lowell Council, Sunday evening, November 17, 1918.

their children, if not to them, some opportunity, some share in the prosperity, not only material but also spiritual, for which they labored so hard and courageously.

To-day — I say it in the fullest confidence and the most complete humility personally — that prayer has been answered in a tangible way. Within twenty-five years there have worthily succeeded here and elsewhere men who would have been a credit to any city.

Do we realize this? Are we sufficiently proud of them? Do not think of me. Think of the other four Bishops. Consider how hard they labored for their education, what they sacrificed to follow out the call they received from Almighty God, with what determination they strove with almost no material assistance, and achieved their holy purpose against every sort of obstacle and opposition. That record is something to make us all thrill with pride.

I do not emphasize their triumph over difficulties — though it was indeed a notable triumph, because the Church uses the greatest care and circumspection in selecting those to whom she entrusts her obligations, her duties and her honors, — but the triumph of their fathers and mothers, combined with and shown forth by their magnificent efforts. This, after all, is what we glory in.

As conditions were in the old days, when the dominant class took what it considered its share, there was not much left in a material way for any one else. But, with the little that was left in a material way, combined with the idealism of the Faith that is always present in the Catholic heart, they fashioned characters beyond compare.

This consideration has special timeliness just now. The days of kings are passing. I am stating facts of history

that are being enacted before our eyes. The days of kings are passing; perhaps they have already passed.

The might of militarism, as it was formerly dreamed of, has gone, never to return. It has been shown to be a delusion. An age of peace has come, after a long struggle. The Christian Faith has been the great, hidden force that accomplished this. The day of the people has dawned.

Of what sort shall that day be? Will it be only a flitting vision without real substance? Or will it, in truth, be the day of Christ's love, Christ's peace and Christ's desire for human welfare and brotherly assistance?

It must be one or the other; the triumph of disorder, selfishness and lawlessness, or else the triumph of Christian principles taught by the Catholic Church. The decision rests with the layman, the ordinary citizen. Rulers, diplomats, Parliaments and Congresses must listen to the people to-day and must do the will of the people. If that will is expressed along unlawful lines, we shall have disorder. If that will is expressed along the lines of law and order, of Christian duty, then justice and peace will prevail throughout the earth.

The day of Almighty God has arrived. America leads the peoples of the world. America's supremacy is acknowledged everywhere. It is a tremendous opportunity and a heavy responsibility. What can we contribute to make the future safe and glorious for our nation and for mankind? Only what we inherited from our parents, the legacy of honesty, fidelity to our Faith, love for the priesthood, devotion to our religion. If we hold true to these things, the forces of evil may do their worst, but right will prevail. The future will be as we make it.

The future rests with us, because there is little order to-day outside the Catholic Church. There are no fixed

principles upon which government can firmly stand, outside of those constantly held forth by the Catholic Church. There is no other authority that can voice these principles in a way that carries conviction, and back of which is the Christian sanction of God's approval or condemnation. All else has practically disappeared.

In saying this, I do not imply that these principles are not in the hearts of millions who are not Catholics. Those principles are alive in the hearts of millions of men and women who live and work outside the Catholic Church, but they are not an organic force, and, accordingly, are lacking in strength and authority.

The Church has its fixed, organized, recognized life. It is the moral power which, please God, is to guide the people. In this you not only have a share, but a leading share — you, who have had many of the advantages which our parents lacked, and possess the sterling faith of Catholic Knights.

You will find countless willing hands to help you in this glorious task. Some of the leading and most influential citizens in Massachusetts admit that the one thing in the future that stands between us and disaster is the Catholic Church.

Some great, organized moral power must take possession of the hearts and minds of the people and direct them along the road of sane liberty.

All admit that the Catholic Church is the only power that can do this. This knowledge ought to be a mighty inspiration for us. It is the realization of it that gives highest meaning to the exercises of to-day.

In the carrying out of this great duty that faces the Church, to whom can we, Bishops and priests, look for counsel and hearty coöperation, if not to you? The

Knights of Columbus again by the Providence of God have been recognized and accepted as one of the societies in America to be considered almost as a national association. The work of your Order has made you famous everywhere. A great opportunity is placed within your grasp.

Gentlemen, there is great need of activity among us. Our day will soon pass. We may not be old, but the machinery of a human body lasts only a certain span of years, and is then worn out. Some of us who have worked very hard in the course of the last ten or twelve years look about and wonder: "Is this great occasion to be lost after all? Have we really given our best energies, our time and whatever little talent God has vouchsafed us, to preach this gospel of activity, of confidence, or progress, only to watch it disappear in smoke?" God forbid.

Let that monument which you have dedicated to my honor to-day — an honor which I can never repay — signify something more. After all, you cannot separate me from yourselves. You are part of me. You are my flock. You belong to me and I belong to you. There can be no such thing for us as divided interests. The monument placed there by the good Catholic priests and people of Lowell is the lasting testimonial of our unity of heart and purpose. There it will stand when I am in my grave, and will teach its eternal lesson. It will say to all who look upon it: "This man was the child of poor, immigrant parents, parents of faith, of honesty, of sturdy character, of nobility of soul, and out of those qualities was he fashioned."

That lesson has a meaning for us here and now amid the duties that confront us, amid the dark days that may still be before us. It will bring to us the sunshine of hope

that God will in His own time give us that crown of glory that is the reward of fidelity to Him, a hope that will encourage others and be the reward of our service and our good will.

Knights of Columbus, stand together, love your priests, and, in that spirit, go forward. It is a sacred injunction. I am glad to see them here to-night with you. Their lives, their influence and their energy are all for you. They are the representatives of God, the witnesses of faith.

Bring your difficulties to them, but do not forget to bring your joys, too. Do not forget that they, too, have human hearts. While they are willing and ready and glad to help you bear your burdens, you must help them to bear theirs. While you have your human ways of seeking recreation, they have given their lives to God. They crave affection as you do, but the affection they crave is that of true, noble Christian hearts. This is a sentiment worthy of the Knights of Columbus. May it be inspired in you to-night, and may its fruits remain to bless you and yours.

A CITY'S TRIBUTE[1]

It is natural for a man to rejoice that his native city honors him. Though all the rest of the world sound his praises, there will ever be a void in his heart, until his birthplace approves his work. Home is a sacred spot. However far we wander from it, it remains the true heart-haven. The impressions of infancy and childhood are the first the soul receives and the last it yields.

So, in very truth, one's native place is his first great teacher. There his opening mind absorbs the rudiments of life-knowledge, and there, from a vantage-point given but once in a lifetime, his young eyes behold in glowing vision the far and lofty mountains of hope and promise, the heights he longs to scale. There, too, the portals of childhood close upon him forever, and from the sanctuary of home his untried feet set out on the long, rough road towards achievement.

As he trudges on, he often stops by the wayside, his feet weary, his heart lonely, and looks back, yearning for the peace of mind he has left behind. To this memory of tranquil years he clings in all his journeyings, and with it he cherishes the hope that some day, when the hard climb is over, he may come home again to lay his laurels at the shrine of his birth.

The two great lessons that fit men for life are those of living faith and constant work. No one can be truly

[1] Response to speeches of presentation on part of Lowell City officials and committee members on occasion of dedication of O'Connell Parkway, November 17, 1918.

said to be of service to mankind, unless he has learned the precepts of industry and of that vivifying and informing power of religion that gives to industry its purpose and consecration.

Nowhere in the world are these two lessons better exemplified than in this, my native city. No one can pass through its busy streets without realizing that here is a true centre of faith and work. On all sides, he beholds the evidences of vast and efficient industry. In serried lines along the banks of these two beautiful rivers, tower the fortresses of work behind whose grim walls toil the busy thousands. The fruits of their labor constitute Lowell's material wealth.

At early dawn the shrill clamor of the bells summons them to their tasks. Every hour of the day is filled to the minute with exacting occupation until the evening, when the huge gates swing outward, and the weary throngs seek home and rest to prepare for the morrow's duty.

The imperious decrees of demand and supply urge them on with steady insistence. The strong current of the Concord and the Merrimac, that turn a hundred wheels in the rush to the sea, is a constant reminder that time and tide wait for no man and that life holds no place for the drone. Nature and man combine here to enforce the solemn truths of the fleetness of time, the necessity of work, the value of opportunity.

This invaluable lesson of hearty work is here to be learned, not from books, but from the teeming life and ceaseless labor all about us. He would be blind, indeed, who, born and bred in these surroundings, failed to realize what they teach so thoroughly. To industry, therefore, and the practical truths it enforces, this city owes its material greatness and material prosperity.

But impressive as is this fact, it does not tell the whole story of the living population of Lowell.

Men, after all, are not machines, and, when all that makes for material progress has been mastered and put into practice, there remains another portion of the book of life — knowledge of far greater importance in human existence. Man has a soul as well as a body. It is the soul that gives to the body its vitality and dignity. Labor may create wealth, but, unless religion blesses labor and prosperity, they will inevitably degenerate into slavery on the one hand and sensual luxury on the other, and, both combining, work out the same destruction that has overwhelmed the highest civilizations. If, therefore, down in the valley the whir of machinery and the voices of the laborers taught merely the lesson of work and ceased there, the life of Lowell and of all who dwell within its borders would, at best, be futile and tend ultimately only to disorder and despair.

That this is not the case here, that such a calamity has not come to pass in this city of industry, was due to religion.

The every-day life of the average mill-hand in Lowell in the old days was hard and sombre. The wages were scanty; the working hours long. But we must remember the tremendous fact that such conditions affected only one side of the worker's life.

Another influence was at work teaching him to interpret this world, not merely in the terms of dollars and cents, of bodily comfort, but in the eternal terms of God.

It was exceedingly fortunate, therefore, for Lowell, as a community, that, from the very foundation of this industrial centre, the encouraging and uplifting influences

of religion went hand in hand with the lesson of labor, to lighten the burden of toil, and lessen economic hardships by the splendor of a divine hope which never fails.

When one takes his stand on some height and looks across the city, his gaze will be arrested by the stupendous proportions of the mills and the signs of their activity. But he will behold, also, standing out with even greater distinctness and manifesting their all-important function in the lives of the city's people, the noble temples of the living God.

If the structures of industry are impressive in their size and activity, the massive strength and architectural beauty and dignity of the churches prove how strong is the power of faith here. These beautiful homes of the soul are the monuments of the faith and hope and love of humble working men and women, built for the glory of God and the higher service of man, out of the boundless generosity of their poverty and the fruits of their toil. They stand as magnificent evidences of the people's faith in God.

How strong and characteristic of the city's people is this force of religion, the occasion of to-day emphatically proves. For, when Lowell decided to commemorate one of her children, she did not select as the first object of her honor a scion of wealth and industry, but a man of the people and a representative of religion. This is the true significance of this dedication. In reality, it is not a tribute to me. Personally, all the indebtedness is on my side. But it is in a symbolic way a monument to those who labored in faith and courage in years gone by.

The dedication of this Parkway is only a further illustration of what has been, from the first, the high and honorable trait of this great industrial community, its

strong and unwavering reliance on religion as a divine influence and a civic force.

In the face of the honor intended for me only, inasmuch as a representative is honored for his cause, it would appear a lack of appreciation, if I did not acknowledge from the depths of my heart my gratitude, which I can feel, but never express. Nothing that I can say will adequately convey this sense of gratitude to those who have here given expression to their life-long affection for one who went out from among them as a boy, and, returning, brought back something of honor to them and their fidelity.

Faith and industry are still the watchwords of Lowell. The lesson of religious truth and inspiration is taught wherever the church-spires lift their crosses to the sky, and the lesson of work is thundered in ceaseless emphasis from the frowning ramparts of the mills. Both these formative influences have done their part in giving to your predecessors and to you the sterling qualities that furnish strength to Church and Nation. Both have been to me a steadfast inspiration every day of my life.

But, in our prosperity and joy, let us not forget those whose fortitude and nobility of soul laid the foundations on which the structure of to-day was built, whose boundless faith transfigured their hard environment and transformed harsh drudgery into a labor of love. God grant that, as we advance along the perilous road of material well-being, we may keep before us the high ideals that brightened and glorified the lives of those who have gone before us, and that these ideals may be in the coming years, in every vicissitude of human life, our guide and inspiration to the end.

May labor and honest toil, blessed and sanctified by

God, continue to keep Lowell the strong ally of faith and work she has always been. May this beautiful park, with its memorial fountain, speak to generations yet unborn of the ideals that animated Lowell's sturdy sons and daughters, sanctifying their souls and strengthening the might of their arms. In faith and labor, let us continue to work out our immortal destiny.

May the blessing of God rest upon this busy city, and may she continue to be one of the bright jewels in the crown of our beloved country which Columbus, directed by the finger of God, opened up to the oppressed of every clime.

America is our God-given home. To her we pledge our all in this, her day of stress and trial. We welcome this occasion to renew to her, here in the city of our birth, the undying loyalty of faithful hearts. Yonder is Lowell's monument to Whitney and Ladd who fell fighting for the Union. Let this monument erected here stand for the same devotion to God and country, which inspires men to give their lives for religion and patriotism. May God bless America, and may Lowell's sons, now as ever, stand first in her defence.

After the night of battle comes the dawn of peace. In war, we have faced our duty nobly; in peace, we must do likewise — for peace has its high obligations as well as war.

We have defended our own country by standing for law, for order, for right and truth and justice to all. We shall best preserve the prosperity and honor of our beloved America in the peaceful days just dawning by standing firmly now and always for law and order and justice among all our fellow-citizens throughout the land.

The love of industry, the devotion to God and religion, which are Lowell's best bulwarks and highest traits, will in the future as in the past be Lowell's generous contribution to America's permanence and glory.

THE POPE OF PEACE[1]

In May, 1914, I went to Rome to make my Ad Limina visit. During my stay in the Eternal City, two events of unusual significance to the world and to myself occurred, the creation by Pius X of Cardinal Della Chiesa, and the formal opening of the great cloaca, built by my direction and at my expense, which now drains the waters for a long while threatening the ruin of the historic Basilica of San Clemente, my own titular church.

The world was seemingly at peace. All Europe, to all outward appearance, went its usual way of commercial, civil and social life. Pius X, who had from the very inception of his glorious Pontificate been to me the dearest and kindest of fathers, though evidently worn by the cares and burdens of his great and sublime office, still looked out upon the world with calm and peaceful gaze.

He, better than any one in the whole world, realized that under the surface were seething the problems which might at any time burst forth into a mighty eruption that would shake every Government and every Throne.

But the only sign he gave was a look of unutterable sadness, through which the sweet and kindly light of his affectionate soul beamed upon us, as we came to say the au revoir, which was in reality a last farewell.

We felt in our hearts that, in this weakened and depressed condition, he would feel, as never before, the effects of the long dead heats of a Roman summer. But we could not reconcile ourselves to the thought that, when

[1] Address to Catholic Women's League, Fenway, November 23, 1918.

they had passed, he would never again be there to greet us and bless us.

As I knelt for his blessing, he lifted me up, took both my hands and looked at me for a long time, as if making up his mind whether or not to say, what now I am sure he realized, that it was farewell. His eyes grew misty, a tear gathered in them and dropped over his pallid cheeks.

There was an agony of silence for a full minute. Neither of us could speak. I reached for his hand to kiss it, and then, placing both hands upon my shoulders, he drew me toward him and kissed me on either cheek, and, without a word, we separated forever on this earth.

A few months afterwards, I realized what all this meant, and what was in his mind to say in words, but which he indicated only by a most extraordinary demonstration of affection.

That August, as the first booming of the cannon announced to Europe and the world that for a long time to come the reign of peace was over, he died. His great heart, which had always paid dearly for his tender emotions, was broken, and he lay upon his humble cot, surrounded by the ambassadors of all the States, which were now preparing for the final deadly conflict.

His physicians, knowing that all news of the growing strife would hasten his end, endeavored to keep it from him. But every hour, thoughtless of his own sufferings, he begged to be told whether there was still hope of the cessation of the war.

He learned the truth, that all Europe was in flames, that all civilization was fatally threatened, that brother was at his brother's throat, and, with a sigh and a groan to Christ to come to the world's aid, he yielded up his saintly soul — a soul so tender and affectionate and

fatherly for all the world, for every nation, for every child of God, that the very thought of the horrors which a universal war inevitably would bring to humanity crushed him. He was the first great victim of the great war. When next I entered the Vatican, it was to do homage to his successor.

The Cardinal, whom I had helped to welcome into the Sacred College at the very last consistory, was now the Sovereign Pontiff. It was an era of sudden events, whose results no human eye could foresee. But Almighty God, Who is ever with His Church, has His own august plans, and, in His own inscrutable way, they would in His appointed time be all accomplished.

The world was at war, all the old conditions were suddenly interrupted and might never again obtain, at least in form. In a tempest so universal, when dissolution threatened whole Nations and age-old dynasties, the very centre of Christendom could scarcely hope to escape unassailed.

Evidently, even to human eyes, there was need just then of a Pontiff, young and vigorous and farsighted, one who knew Europe and the world, the laws and customs of government. There would be no time for gradual initiation into all these things. The Church must have a leader already equipped not only with every spiritual force possible, but, also, with highest gifts of international law and its universal bearings.

The Sacred College, guided by the Spirit of God, searched for all these things and found them in the person of one of its most recently created members. So, Cardinal Della Chiesa became Benedict XV.

The duty of electing the Sovereign Pontiff completed, the Cardinals assisted at his coronation. As we sat in

our places, our eyes, our hearts, our minds, were fixed upon him whom God had selected to be His Vicar on earth. And we knew that there before us, enthroned in historic place and power, was the sacred person of the Universal Bishop of God's Church, upon whom God would shed the light of His wisdom and knowledge, and around whose frail figure the almighty power of the Holy Spirit would hover in protection and in guidance.

In tones clear and confident, the new Pontiff intoned the Te Deum. The whole body of the Sacred College, Prelates from every part of the world, from every State in Europe, took up the glorious anthem of Thanksgiving. As the last words died away, "O Lord in Thee have I hoped; let me never be confounded," the procession left the Sistine Chapel and returned to the Sala Dei Paramenti.

We gathered in a little group about the new Pontiff; we wished him long life and good health and God's assistance in the unspeakably difficult task before him; we turned to one another, to Mercier of Belgium, to Amette of Paris, to von Hartmann of Cologne, to Bourne of Westminster, to Logue of Ireland, to the Prince Primate of Hungary, to Lucon of Rheims, whose city was being bombarded at that moment, to Falconio and Gasparri, and to the valiant and faithful servant of the saintly Pius X, Merry del Val, and to all the other good and great leaders of the church universal, now witnesses of a universal turmoil affecting the nations and the flock of each.

The solemn dignity of that ecumenic gathering, the silent impressiveness, the look of anxiety in the eyes of each, the suffering plainly discernible through the veil of calm heroism — all these and many more stirring emotions left upon me an impression as exalted as it will ever be imperishable.

Here were Cardinals from every land, each with the love of his home and Nation burning strongly in his human heart beneath his red robes,and, there, in purest white from head to foot, was the head and centre of all — supranational, universal, ecumenic — uniting all in a union above all personality of race, or kingdom, or nation.

At the supreme moment, the light of heaven itself shone over and through the little assembly, representing heaven and earth in its powers and fears. A voice, more audible and clear than the voice of the Pontiff bidding us Godspeed, spoke to my innermost soul, a voice, penetrating to the very innermost cells of my brain, and thrilling into rapid pulsations the very heart within me, spoke these very words; "Behold, Christian Bishop, My Vicar upon earth; behold the consecrated head of My church militant; behold the successor of Peter in the frail figure who stands here before you; and behold all about you My chieftains, My shepherds, My leaders, in the great army of the Lord on earth. Look long and close and well, for here, in this small space, is the power of God centred, here, before your eyes, is the Universal Church of the Living God. Behold, and then depart with this vision burnt into your soul. Go now and never forget."

I felt weak and stunned by the effect of this spiritual manifestation on my very bodily strength. I gathered up my robes and went silently out of that holy presence, out into silent galleries, glowing with Raphael's colors, which I saw not at all, and down the noble staircase into the great cortile. I heard as if from a great distance the voices of those near me. I was driven back to my abode, and all the rest of that historic day the same voice echoed

in my brain; "This is the Church Universal, this is the power of God which overcometh the world."

The world was aflame; would the flames be extinguished ere civilization had perished? All mankind was at war. What a terrible moment for a new Pontiff to enter his place, what a superhuman task set him who was the Vicar of the Prince of Peace!

But if the task was superhuman, so, too, was the power of him who had been called by Almighty God to face it. From the very first moment of his pontificate, Benedict XV girded himself for his sublime duty, and, until this very moment, he has never ceased by every means, human and divine, which he could gather into his hands, to study and examine and labor night and day to bring all the warring Powers to reflect upon the duty which conditions had brought about them, to prevent, as best he might, the suffering of humanity, to assuage the grief of those whom the hardships of war had afflicted, to warn solemnly of their responsibility before divine and human tribunals all those guilty of transgressions against the law of God and the law of Nations, to recall them, again and again, from an excess of what seemed madness on the part of certain Governments and rulers, to keep before their eyes the standards of right, to beg them all to desist from what surely would prove to be the suicide of Europe and the destruction of Christian civilization, and, finally, to consider and state the terms which might again bring peace to the world.

Notwithstanding the opposition of the mighty and the violence of enemies, he has succeeded. For is there one of us who can doubt that, notwithstanding the heroic and gigantic efforts of our own noble President and the splendid and generous intervention of America, had not

the Sovereign Pontiff, by his prayers, by his supplications, by his entreaties, in season and out of season, to God, to Emperors and Kings and Presidents and Governments, and to the whole Christian population of the world, kept alive and aflame the light of God's justice before the minds of all, the war might still be going on, and God only knows when or how it would finally end?

For the human means and methods which finally culminated in the armistice and will ultimately be crowned by the Peace Conference he looked, as he said repeatedly, to America. And America has not failed him in the end.

While others looked coldly or even hostilely upon what they considered unwarranted pontifical intervention, our honored President, let it be said that all the world may hear, received his message with reverence and most respectfully replied to it. And, I do not hesitate to say, that, for that act of becoming courtesy, Almighty God has strengthened President Wilson's powers, moral and physical, and has aided America's armies, armies — let us say it proudly — which fought, as the Pope has wrought and prayed, not for selfish aims or purposes, not for material aggrandizement or territorial conquest, but for justice and the right.

The world which, by selfishness and unrighteousness, had planned and launched this awful war was not likely to allow, if it could, the Roman Pontiff to defeat its purpose or deflect it from its gain.

So, it has studiously labored to belittle his endeavors in behalf of all humanity by methods which it knows well how to use, and to revile and ridicule the efforts of the Papacy in bringing about a final just settlement.

But, though many have never been willing to acknowl-

edge the sublime value of his labors, the world of just and impartial minds sees now and will see even more clearly as the records of facts are gradually revealed, that in the final analysis he has succeeded; and in history, Benedict XV will be forever known as the Pope of Peace.

Let us review, summarily, some of his efforts and their results. The Pope, by the very nature of his office, must be neutral, as far as favoring any Power or groups of Powers. His Kingdom is a spiritual one. It embraces all mankind and every Nation.

His children are all equally dear to him. He cannot, by the very fact that he is equally the common father of them all, take sides in any conflict between them — he must of necessity be not the partisan but the impartial judge.

This the powers of the world well know, but they are eternally engaged in clouding the whole issue in the eyes of the people.

It must be clear, therefore, that, when, as in the beginning of the war, each side was shouting that he was favoring either by action or silence the other side, this was the best proof possible that he had attached himself to neither but stood as arbiter between them, if only they would account his arbitration.

But they had robbed him of his position. They had deliberately taken away what they could of the powers which he once had of supreme judge of the Nations, and still, illogically and unjustly, they never ceased until now to blame him for not exercising the duties of an office of which they had despoiled him.

The cry went up in England, and we heard the echo of it here: "The Pope has abdicated his own place. Germany has outraged morality. The Pope, as the head of

the Church, should vindicate morality and denounce Germany." That was a specious outcry, and the argument a strong one, if those who voiced it would stand by it. What does that mean? It means that they must give back to the Papacy the power it had in the Middle Ages; and give it not only the power and right to adjudicate between the Nations, but, more still, the power to enforce its decision. Else such talk is nonsense.

How many of those who used that slogan either realized what it meant, or, realizing it, were willing to carry it out to legitimate and final conclusion? Did any individual or Nation or Government invite the Pope to resume his age-long office of Universal Arbiter?

It would seem, on the contrary, that, while blaming him for non-intervention on the one hand, some of them, at least, were doing everything in their power to stifle his voice and eliminate his efforts even in matters which all the world knew he must not, under peril of faithlessness to his sacred duty, fail to attempt for the common good of all the belligerents. If language was ever incoherent and thought inconclusive and illogical, it was such talk as this.

All that is required to see through such propaganda is a clear brain and mediocre intelligence. What is absolutely certain is this:

1. That, at the very outset of hostilities, the Pope clearly foresaw that sooner or later all Europe, and probably all the world, would be involved.

2. That, from the very beginning, he announced his neutrality, and gave the reasons for it clearly and fully.

3. That he, in fact and in word, notwithstanding enormous pressure from both sides, preserved that neutrality.

4. That that neutrality did not prevent his condemning obvious acts of injustice, such as the invasion of Belgium.

5. That that neutrality did not prevent him from doing positive acts of benevolence toward the Allied Powers fighting for justice.

So that, looking back now dispassionately over the last four terrible years, every impartial mind must see that the Pope held tenaciously to the only position possible for him to assume in a world war, and that that position really greatly favored the cause of justice and right against might.

So much with regard to his official attitude. Now let us examine what he really did. He condemned the invasion of Belgium. He protested energetically against the bombardment and the destruction of the Cathedral of Rheims. He forcibly and persistently reprobated the aerial raids upon defenceless cities, as practiced by Austria in Italy. He urged the German Government to release the victims of the deportations in Belgium.

He obtained a general exchange of prisoners unfit for military service. He successfully obtained from the French, Swiss and German Governments permission to allow wounded soldiers to be interned in neutral countries. He obtained from all the belligerents the strict observance of Sunday rest for prisoners of war. He opened and maintained a bureau of information regarding prisoners of war and missing soldiers. He, on several occasions, prevented reprisals being made which would only answer barbarism by barbarism.

He aided materially, as far as his means would allow, the suffering victims of the hardships of war in the countries most needing assistance. He has, on various occasions, obtained better and more suitable physical and

moral treatment for those confined in prison camps, and has even persuaded the civil and military authorities to spare the lives of many condemned to death, and to mitigate the unnecessary hardship of many others. He has been instrumental in establishing technical courses and libraries for students confined in war camps, and has promoted the unrestricted exchange of priests.

Merely to read a list of such tremendous and far-reaching activities is enough to show at a glance how far-sighted, energetic and tireless is his desire to prevent the barbarities so often attendant upon even civilized warfare, if such a thing can exist.

It surely demonstrates that, notwithstanding the efforts of individuals, parties, and even Governments, to close out the Papacy from all international life and activity, Benedict XV, animated by the loftiest and most unselfish motives, has been, in fact and in deed, what his sublime office demands of him who sits upon the throne of the Fisherman, the common father of all.

As to the consideration of the peace terms, any one who looks at the matter impartially will recognize that, cover it up as he may, the Pope's terms are, in reality, practically identical with those which were finally proposed, at least tentatively, by the Allies.

Certainly, President Wilson's fourteen articles show little practical divergence from those which had already been formulated by Benedict XV.

Surely, no man who loves his fellow-man, who deplores injustice, no matter when committed, who desires perpetual and enduring mutual understanding and concord between all the Nations of the earth and all the children of men, can ever overlook what the present Pope has done during this awful conflict.

Not only that, he will perforce be compelled to feel and to express a profound sense of recognition and of gratitude to Benedict XV for his constant, persistent, unremitting anxiety for the welfare of the world, unflagging labor for the amelioration of the hard conditions of those suffering from the war, unflinching courage and fidelity in upholding justice and right against mere might, and, in a word, succeeding, even against every possible obstacle put in his way, in nobly fulfilling, in a most difficult and trying period of the world's history, the duties of his exalted office as Vicar of Christ, father of the faithful and pastor of the universal flock of Christ.

At the Peace Conference will be represented all the material interests of the world. There will be Generals and Admirals, bankers and merchants, lawyers and statesmen. Is it conceivable that the greatest united moral force in the world to-day, the greatest spiritual influence toward which all must look, now that the war between Nations is ended, as the greatest bulwark against internal disorder, anarchy and lawlessness — is it conceivable that that tremendous influence will be ignored?

God forbid. For the world has fought for a lasting peace; and that can come only through Him Who offers it to all men of good will.

MERIT IN ACHIEVEMENT[1]

One of the clearest lessons in life is very commonplace, yet it sums up all the great actions of life, and gives them their proper merit and reward. That lesson is this: that whatever is worth getting, is worth striving for.

Very often, the difficulties which obstruct our path in life seem to be insurmountable. They cause us a great deal of anxiety at the moment. We wonder why we are submitting to them,— things would be so much more peaceful, it would seem, if they did not confront us.

The prosperous way is an easy one. Everybody, in his private life, and every organization, in its organized life, finds this fact written obviously across the pages of experience. Sometimes, whatever may be the cause — whether it be from a lack of human judgment or not — when we are expecting everything to go along beautifully, a catastrophe happens and all is turmoil and anxiety for a while, and we wonder how we are to surmount the difficulty.

We can argue the matter indefinitely and some spend their lives in arguing about it instead of facing it, but the fact is simply this: in the spiritual as in the temporal life of the individual or the organization, it is clear, to anybody who has eyes to see, that this principle of striving for what is worth getting is exactly what builds up the character of the individual or the organization.

We find this an obvious thing, the world over, that,

[1] Sermon at dedication of St. Joseph's Church, Needham, Sunday, November 24, 1918.

when Nature or Grace is too bountiful, there is a sort of corruption and decay. Where, however, man is forced, either physically or spiritually, to struggle, there he becomes stronger and persevering and hopeful and faithful, and the strength which comes to him from the exercise of the virtues called forth by trouble and difficulty really ennobles one's whole character.

Let us take the instance before us. This church was progressing very splendidly, it seemed, at one time. In fact, all its difficulties were apparently over, when, all of a sudden, the greatest difficulty in its whole history appeared.

It had to be overcome. Here was the test. Were you to be discouraged, cease your effort and be content with something very insignificant and unworthy of you, or were you to gird yourselves for the fray and overcome the difficulty? That was the question that faced you, and faced, most of all, the dear parish priest who has so eloquently told the story of the building of this church.

I saw him, and through him I saw you, in that great stress of need and difficulty. While there was obviously the feeling no one could suppress of great disappointment, it was only momentary, because I had scarcely spoken the word of encouragement, and indicated the only way out of the trouble, when you, through him, girded yourselves for the battle, and started in to overcome the trouble and the difficulty.

Such achievement does not go without its reward and its merit. Your reward lies not merely in the knowledge that you have a more beautiful and permanent church, one that is an ornament to your town. What you certainly have acquired is the moral virtue of persistence in good works. How persevering you have been in the diffi-

cult duty which was obviously before you! In the fulfilment of this high responsibility, both priest and people have certainly gained moral graces and moral forces which no amount of money could possibly purchase.

My dear children, the lesson of life is always the same, "Vigor In Arduis." This is a great motto. It accidentally applies to me. It was the O'Connell motto in the great old days of Erin. Having assumed it, every hour of my life it tells me its lesson.

One must be vigorous, vigorous especially, when there are difficulties to overcome. If one is fair to himself, fair to the record of his life, most of all, fair to God, he will see that difficulties, whether they occur by accident or by design, help to form his character, purify his motives, and chasten every sort of personal desire that might naturally come into his head or into his heart. They help him to rise above all that is merely earthly or of human nature, and imbue him with the great idea of service for God.

Thus, every hour of one's life and every deed of one's day are accomplished unselfishly to the best of his ability, no matter what the difficult circumstances, or what interpretation the world may put upon one's acts. With a clear heart, with a firm will he perseveres, determined to serve God at all costs. That, of course, is the only thing in life worth while.

If out of difficulties that spirit, that moral strength of character which overcomes the world, but, most of all, helps us to overcome ourselves, is won, difficulties and obstacles are gifts of God.

To-day, you have your material reward in a doubly beautiful church. Almighty God has been with you through all this struggle. I have seen this day by day in

the ideas, in the conclusions, in the determination of your pastor. I know that, what Almighty God gave to him, he has given to you.

He has indicated a certain fact which we cannot pass over, — that all this came precisely at a time when you were being called upon for so many other things, for the great cause of patriotism. That is a great and noble cause; but, after all, the cause of God is greater still.

There can be no true patriotism without the love of God. There can be no fidelity to anything human, if we are unfaithful to the God who created us, who redeemed us, and is our Master, Lord and Father.

But you have been faithful to both. You did the work which your country asked of you, and you were not unmindful of the greater work of the building up in your own souls of a greater love of God, which comes, most of all, from sacrifice in His name.

Difficulties will come, but the glory of this church will stand in your daily life as an example. Let it keep you each day of your lives when trials come to you. Remember the church that once you looked upon so sorrowfully, and of which you are now so proud, and go through your work manfully, in a Christian spirit, never deterred by anxiety, but only strengthened by your trials.

May the blessing of God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, rest upon you.

THE BLESSINGS OF RETREATS[1]

DEAR Reverend Fathers and beloved men of the Retreats: These words which have been addressed to me contain a great encouragement. It is good to be reminded, from time to time, that some of the things we have tried to do are progressing. It is not only the work of a lifetime; it is the work of all lifetimes, to keep in our own hearts, minds and souls a deep and realizing sense of our own destiny. That is the work of the Church everywhere. For that, our blessed Lord came on earth; for that, He lived and taught and died in our behalf. For that, He established His universal Church with its divine means and methods for accomplishing the salvation of mankind.

What are we to do to keep the thought of our own immortal destiny clearly before our minds? We have the general, universal means, the Sacraments, each one of them impressing upon us the fact that there is a life beyond the grave. In fact, it is beyond the grave that our life really begins. This existence in the flesh is but a preparation of the helps and aids that the Church gathers around each individual, each community, each parish, each diocese, each nation.

In line with all this and converging towards it, much must be done to replenish and fully satisfy the mind which is constantly confronted by the problems of every-day life, also by the extraordinary problems that loom up before us in times of peril and exceptional stress.

[1] Address to Laymen's Retreat Guild, St. Gabriel's Monastery, Brighton. November 24, 1918.

For this, the word of God is most powerful. By this, I mean the statement of positive principles contained in the Revelation of Christ to mankind and guarded by the Church. This is, in truth, an epitome of the spiritual life. The Gospel, that we hear every Sunday, and the brief, clear explanation of it, are the very atmosphere of our spiritual life.

The intellectual side of man craves a knowledge of the infinite and eternal in terms of its own. If one is a philosopher, he seeks philosophical terms; if a scientist, he tries to find it in terms of science; if he be a lawyer, the legal phases of God's pronouncements and law interest him; if he is a doctor, he thinks of the medicine of the soul. So each man, after his own fashion and individuality, looks for the message of God contained in the Gospel.

Moreover, the soul needs to be lifted up and given a stimulus, that man may be enabled to detach himself from the ordinary, work-day life that is the common lot, that he may be enthused and fascinated by the high purpose of existence to such a degree that this becomes for him the most important thing in the world.

It is our individuality that gives us appreciation of our value. The Christian religion is the only influence that accomplishes this rightly. The world, for its own purposes, constantly tends to dull that perception of our individuality in us, and to make us believe ourselves nothing more than insignificant items in some sort of aggregation of men.

Most of the evils that have come upon mankind are due to the prevalence of that worldly, pagan principle, and to the neglect of the essential and Christian principle that we belong to God, first of all, and that each individual soul is an entity apart.

Yet, we must live in this world, have our part and our duties in it, and, to a certain degree, surrender something of our own individuality, to the community, to the family, to the task of gaining a livelihood. But in the necessary working out of mundane duties and problems, we must be on guard against exaggerating worldly matters and against the contagion of the worldly atmosphere.

We behold, on all sides, melancholy instances of people who give themselves over to money-making, to the achievement of temporal success, to what is called the practical view of things, — a view which, in the last analysis, is most impractical. We have had too melancholy instances of the havoc wrought in the community by the powerful and energetic men, who subordinated everything else to the acquisition of money and the power it gives. We have witnessed the destruction of great properties that were really held in trust for the people at large. These were, by the pernicious working out of material principles, made bankrupt and worthless to those who had invested in them their savings.

The men who were responsible for this great public wrong were originally guided by right principles; they were regarded as exemplars of financial honesty. But the craze of money-making and the unleashed desire of power betrayed them into involving thousands in ruin. They dreamed of becoming monarchs of finance, but they abandoned right principles, and their kingdom toppled, dragging down with it myriads of innocent victims.

These are great public instances of the evil produced by yielding to the worldly point of view. But the same thing on a smaller scale is taking place around us every day. We are affected by it, for we are all more or less at

the mercy of our surroundings. No one can live in this world and wholly escape its influence.

Nor should we forget that this, our weakness, is part of our inheritance from the sin of our first parents, that clouding of the intellect and weakening of the will, that are the consequence of that original offence against God's law.

There is a remedy, a safeguard against this worldly influence and atmosphere. It is this: We must find means to make us true to ourselves, true to our highest natures, amid the dangers within us and the dangers of the world. The difficulty, after all, is simple.

The main difficulty consists in this, that we do not think enough, because we yield to the prevalent idea that we must always be doing something, without much reference to the reason why that something is done. The danger consists in the fact that the public opinion of the day and the false maxims that sway modern men exert a constant pressure upon us.

Everybody is saying that we must be doing something. Few, indeed, seem to realize that we must be thinking of what to do. Nothing of solid value and worthy of man can be accomplished without laborious thought. Hence, our first great duty is to plan our lives. There is, at the outset, the great plan which answers to vocation; next there is the planning of each day's work. Otherwise, man is the helpless victim of a maelstrom, and is swept along by an influence over which he has no control, like an individual in a mob.

There is one thought that will help us much. It is the realization that each one of us, as an individual, has a dignity that constitutes the real kingship of humanity. It is the clear perception of your own individuality, that

you are what you are, and that you are going to be what you want to be, by God's help.

There is but one way to accomplish this. It is by the habit of meditation. It is a process of thought which must become so strong that it invests our personalities, informs our actions and renders us proof against being swept off our feet and away with the thoughtless crowd.

This is the whole intent and purpose of the retreat. First, we are physically isolated from the worldly turmoil for a while, in order that we may think in freedom. Then, we have placed before our consideration those high and paramount truths with which our thoughts occupy themselves to our lasting strength and benefit.

Even the man who makes up his mind to succeed in this life — I mean true success according to the norms of God, not that false and delusive prosperity that conforms to fictitious standards — must withdraw himself from the crowd and search his own individuality, to utilize the best powers that are in him.

There is another class of men, who, by the circumstances of their status in life, according to divine Providence, are to a degree immune from the influence of false standards, the workingmen. This is the true dignity of the laborer, that he is little affected by fictitious and artificial rules. He has his own standards and norms of action. They are true, plain, rough and staunch. He stands out square against the winds of changing fashion, and, consequently, has a real perception of life.

To come back then to our own case, we must, for the purposes of thought, betake ourselves to a place apart. We have now, thank God, such a place, both for men and women, the Cenacle for the women and this monastery for the men. Here, we are not disturbed. The entire

atmosphere makes the world remote to our minds. We hear the jangle of the bells, the noise of trucks and the roar of the city; but these sounds only emphasize our isolation, our freedom from all that those sounds betoken.

The director of the retreat calmly places before you, at stated periods of the day, considerations of the loftiest import and value. They seem very simple before you dwell upon them. The thought of your soul, its salvation, what you are bound to do to attain that salvation, the dangers that threaten it. You examine your own case, the conflicting forces of God's grace and of human passion, the temptations of envy, ambition and avarice, the duties of your state in life.

The futility of mere worldly effort becomes so clear to you after a little thought that you wonder how men can spend their energies, their health and their very lives in seeking after the things that are not worth while; ambition, honor, wealth, position; the entire galaxy of vain exertion, that ends in disappointment and the ashes of dead hopes.

What need to recount again that fruitless activity; the anxiety, the sleeplessness, the quarrels, the fatigue and the misery of that vain quest which every man knows only too well? It is sufficient to say that a man, who has in his blindness given himself over to it and its resultant pessimism, hardly enters his cell, here, before the truth is clear to him. The past is a nightmare of foolish mistakes. His future course becomes as clear as the high-road at noon-day. He comes to his senses. He finds himself. This place, or one like it, is the only spot in the world where men can come to this peace and to a proper solution of their difficulties in days of retreat.

The good this is doing for our men is beyond words.

Every time I come here, I thank God for the inspiration of His grace that led me to seek the Passionist Fathers to do this great spiritual work. When we look abroad, and behold the difficulties into which men are drawn, and the subterfuges to which they betake themselves to escape the natural consequences, we are enabled to estimate rightly what these retreats accomplish.

You know how often men, who have met with great losses or have great griefs, try to find solace in pleasure or drink. Why? To forget. But forgetting is the very last thing for them to attempt, if they value their future peace of mind. What they need to do, what they must do, if a real solution is to be found, is to think.

When a man comes here, he does his best to leave his cares outside the door. They will be there when he comes out again; no one will take them. But, if he enters into the spirit of this place and of the retreat, and lets that spirit enter into his soul, he will come out a different, a stronger man. When he lifts again to his shoulder the burdens of life, he will find that he does not feel the burden as he did before. He has solved his problems in the light of God's grace, and goes out to order his life anew.

Meditation is the great medicine for the sick soul. The moment you find yourself in the frame of mind that tempts you to indulge in dissipation in order to forget, that is the moment for you to come here immediately, to get away from it all, to get your mind back to its normal working, to reëstablish right relations with God. The trouble, in such cases, is that the equilibrium of the soul is displaced. The retreat sets things back where they belong.

There is no ailment of the soul that will not yield to the

treatment given here. Suppose you have lost a fortune or your dearest friend. Such things shake men to the foundations of their personalities; they are, for a time, distraught. But there is a real solace for such misery. It comes quietly, gradually, as you enter the retreat and meditate on the relative value of the things that make up your life. Finally, the answer is given: you see things in their true proportions, you are conscious of new strength and new light from God.

Religion is the one influence that keeps men sane. Every day of our lives we are confronted by problems that would drive us mad, if we could not solve them by faith. Now, how are you to keep your faith in a world constituted as this one? Simply by making the effort of your lives to save the most precious thing in those lives. Saving your soul means keeping yourself.

You can give everything else in the world, and not miss it, in the last analysis, provided you guard your soul. Fame and dishonor are merely words on the tongues of men. They babble one way to-day, another way to-morrow. They lift you aloft one day, and pull you down the next. The papers will sound your praises this week, and, during the next, you have to face death. It is the story of Passion Week that is reënacted in the life of every man. Happiness cannot depend on human estimates.

Talk must go on, but there is no need to let it sadden you or puff you up. It is of only passing importance. Use the world; do not let it use you. If honor helps, utilize it; if money helps, turn it to good purpose; if poverty helps, do not hesitate to employ it. These things are trifles. They have their place, they all serve, but there is one thought which we must always keep uppermost, and that

is, that, as children of God, we must obey His law or we cannot be happy.

God's friendship is the great prize of life. His grace is the one thing that will never fail us, that will stand by us in the worst extremity. And that prize is ours for the asking. The keeping of that friendship is not easy for human nature, which is prone to foolishness, but it will become easy by the practice, the habit, that comes from grace.

That is the prize that you win here on retreat. You bring it back with you to the world; it is your touchstone in all difficulties; it is your unfailing talisman. You have it in daily meditation, in the habit of prayer, in the intimate relation with God that comes from Holy Communion.

My dear men, these are the only things worth having. Would to God we could stay here in this place of peace and grace, as men did in the olden time when the world was much as it is to-day, without principle, given over to the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eye and the pride of life, when war and lust ruled. At such times, men who took thought about themselves went into the desert, and lived and died there, free from the contamination of the world.

But we cannot live always in this blessed place. Our duties call us elsewhere. We can, however, avail ourselves of its graces often, and feel within us the strength and light it gives. The success of these retreats, the immeasurable good they are doing for thousands, are to me a consolation unspeakable; and there are not many consolations in a life of many and weighty responsibilities. But to know that in this age of unrest and turmoil, of rush and greed, there is an isolated spot, where on this

earth God reigns alone, and where we may come near to Him, is a thought of singular helpfulness and unalloyed satisfaction.

The three thousand men, members of this league, are an army that brings countless blessings to this community. Their influence radiates far. May it increase in numbers and devotedness. There is but one injunction for you to remember before I go. Stand fast for your principles. Let nothing move you from fidelity to them. They are God's law. They are your very life, and may they and your faithful keeping of them bring blessings to your souls always.

IRELAND, ONE AND INDIVISIBLE [1]

In finally yielding to the repeated urgent invitations of your Committee to be present here at this significant meeting to-night, I have listened to the voice of duty alone.

As the case was presented to me, it became clear to my mind that to stay away would be tantamount to the evasion of a grave obligation to my faith, my country and my race.

When the voice of that sacred trinity of motives calls, no man with a Christian conscience can refuse to rise and follow it, no matter what the cost or the sacrifice.

I had to choose between convenience, conventionality and duty. I have made my choice, and here I stand.

The Irish people through all the painful vicissitudes of their history have been faithful, as no other people in all the world, to the Christian faith. The most Christian country in all the world to-day, according to the testimony even of her enemies, is Ireland.

When her children, fleeing from an intolerable condition of servitude under a foreign domination hateful to the proud spirit of all freemen, came in pitiable exile to these shores of free America, they brought with them the noblest virtues of Christian souls. Where, even to-day, would the Church in America be — for that matter in the whole English-speaking world, England included —

[1] Address at Madison Square Garden, N.Y., on Irish Freedom, December 10, 1918.

but for the fidelity, the great-heartedness, the unquenchable devotion of the children of Erin?

Is it possible that any of us, Bishops or priests of America, could ever be guilty of forgetting that to the heroic generosity of the Irish we owe such glorious monuments to faith as the superbly beautiful Cathedral of this wonderful city, dedicated to Ireland's patron Saint, and erected by the sacrifices of his faithful sons and daughters? What is true of this noblest Christian shrine in America's greatest city is equally true of thousands and thousands of humbler fanes in humbler communities all over the land.

Can any of us, among the Church's leaders, ever remain silent and inactive, when there is at stake the welfare of the people, to whom we owe our very daily bread and the roof that shelters us?

There is no legitimate length, no limit within Christian law, to which I and every prelate and priest of America should not be glad and happy to go, when the cry of the long-suffering children of the Gael comes to us, and when, as now, before the tribunal of the whole world, the sacred cause of justice to every nation and every people is to be given a public hearing.

It is because the people of Ireland have solemnly kept their sacred word, given to their Apostle, to be faithful to Peter's successor, as they would be faithful to Christ, that they have felt the heel of a foreign despot mercilessly grinding them down into the very dust of humiliation. Yes, let us say it frankly and openly, for it is the truth, it is the fidelity of Ireland to all she holds most sacred which has been the chief cause of her offending.

Are we, whose very lives are dedicated to the eternal principle for which Ireland has become a martyr among

the nations, so bitten by mere worldly interests as to be mute in this day, when all the world of national wrongs and of brutal might is summoned into court? God forbid!

In God's name, let us now speak out fearlessly for God's cause, for the cause of justice to all, weak and strong, small and great, or let us be forever silent.

If we look back upon what has happened during the last four years, we shall see that conditions, hitherto accepted as permanent and absolutely unchangeable, have been so completely and entirely transformed that almost nothing remains of them to remind us of what once stood as firm as Gibraltar.

It is as if the elemental forces suddenly asserted themselves and had completely overrun the earth. The kaleidoscope of the world has been shaken, and the bits of colored glass in the child's toy have rushed into new combinations which puzzle the eyes of our brain. One after another, thrones have been overturned and Empires have fallen. Disorder has broken loose upon the earth, and, unless some power greater than the forces of anarchy prevails, all Europe — all the world — will be shaken to the foundations of civilization.

The great war is over now, but he, who fancies that, because the great war is over, universal peace will appear on schedule time, has a great disillusion ahead of him. No, unless, now that the war is over, justice begins her rightful reign over the whole earth, there may be a momentary lull, but enduring peace will not be attained. It was for justice that humanity fought, and humanity will still be ready to go on with even fiercer wars, until justice holds full sway.

Be not deceived by false prophets. Diplomacy, which

failed so utterly to preserve the peace of the world, will not succeed alone in bringing it back.

Underneath the smooth and cool phrases and barren formulas of a diplomacy which has forgotten its own purposes, we can even now hear the mysterious stirring of elemental forces, striving urgently to burst through the cryptic formularies of a decadent system, striving to get into articulate speech what suffering humanity wants to say, striving with the impatience of agonizing multitudes to stop the babble of bribed officialdom, that honest men may be heard, striving to articulate in all the dialects of the world the word, which, heeded, will help the staggering earth to recover itself, unheeded, will plunge the whole tottering world into universal anarchy.

America is far away from the real theatre of mighty changes. But even America will not easily escape a movement so universal as now is visible on every horizon. What is that movement? It is the pent-up longing in the hearts of a dozen nations for the right to rule themselves.

The doom of autocracy has already sounded. The silent millions of Russia, patient for centuries, have rushed madly into the vortex of revolution. Even in Germany, which seemed so content with itself, a new force is pushing out the older forms.

Obviously, therefore, we are at the end of a period, and a new one is beginning. Is it strange that, when Poland and Serbia and the Czechs and the Slovaks and the Serbs and the Ukrainians are clamoring for national rights and national recognition, Ireland, for full seven centuries dominated by a foreign rule, acquired only by force, and even to-day exercised by force, should now, more than ever, call upon the world, but, most of all, upon America, as the bountiful mother of true freedom,

to help her regain the treasure stolen from her, and reinstate her in full possession of her complete liberty?

If, in the blaze which the great war enkindled, various tribes and families of the human race beheld as with a new light their claim to separate consideration, is it any wonder that the people of Ireland, too, had even a clearer and a stronger vision of their age-long inheritance?

Ireland's position as a nation is nothing new which the war has just succeeded in creating. Never, since the day her crown was stolen, has she ceased to claim it back. In every century for seven hundred years, by protest, by appeal, by parliament, by arms when other means seemed futile, but in any event, by one means or another, as she found it in her power to use them, Ireland has never failed to keep alive her own sense of distinct nationhood, and impress it, as palpably as conditions would allow, upon a listening world. As a profoundly Christian nation, she has clung to the law of God in all these demonstrations of her loyalty to herself. Rarely, very rarely indeed, has she permitted even cruelty to goad her into forgetting it.

But, ever and always, in every method she adopted, every leader who spoke her cause, every victory won, every defeat suffered, every weapon used, every strategy designed, ever, and ever, and ever, the same ultimate purpose is clearly visible, and that purpose is the vindication of Ireland's right to government only by consent of the governed.

That is the principle which ultimately won America's freedom; and it is because America understands that principle, that Ireland to-day relies upon America to echo it throughout the world for Ireland's liberty.

Is it the Bolsheviki only who now are to be acknowl-

edged as free? Is it because, being Catholic, the Irish people repudiate Bolshevism, that they are now to be repudiated and their just claim forgotten and neglected?

Let them beware in time who encourage by their actions and words to-day before the court of the world such dangerous conclusions as these.

Is it really true that the blood of millions has been shed that right alone should rule the world, and that the monster of brute force, might, which in many places besides Germany has dominated the fate of millions of human beings, should be deposed forever? Is that really true?

Is the law of justice to be honestly applied to all, or is it to be still merely a cloak to hide indefensible, selfish purposes, and to be dispensed, ad libitum, as governments have the brute power to observe or ignore it as they like?

Was the great war a conflict for true freedom under right for all alike, or was it a grim hoax played upon the ingenuous by the shrewd manipulators of clever phrases?

These are all questions which any man in the streets who has ears can hear to-day. The world of honest, trustful men is waiting for the answer, and woe to the world, if that answer be not honest, frank and true.

Surely, since the peace of the world depends upon the answer, it is the solemn duty of all of us, especially of those of us whose duty it is to hold up before all alike the great principles of Christian morality by which alone mankind can live, to speak out fearlessly and clearly, lest, being found faithless in such a world crisis, we forfeit forever our right to be listened to by honest men.

If faith is to survive this hour of the universal groping and striving, the men of faith must speak. If they are

silent now, then, whose the blame if all faith perishes from the earth? Is that, then, the real meaning of Malachi's dread prophecy — "religio depopulata"?

The deepest purpose of this meeting is, that faith may prevail — faith in governments, faith in rulers and congresses, and all that set of divine principles and influences and human agencies by which the world is held in order.

This war, we were told again and again by all those responsible for the conduct of the war, was for justice to all, for the inviolable rights of small nations, for the inalienable right, inherent in every nation, of self-determination.

The purpose of this meeting to-night is very specific. The war can be justified only by the universal application of those principles. Let that application begin with Ireland.

Ireland is the oldest nation and the longest sufferer. If these principles are not applied in her case, no matter what else may be done, there will be no complete justice, no genuine sincerity believable, and the war, not bringing justice, will not bring peace.

Who was it that, by the enunciation of these great principles, united the peoples of the whole suffering earth? It was our own President — once Wilson of America, now Wilson of the world. To-morrow he lands at Brest — Brest, the very port out from which Count Arthur Dillon sailed with his three thousand Irish troops to aid America to obtain from England the very principle of self-determination, which to-day Ireland demands, and which we of America, in accordance with the principles enunciated by our President, to-day also are determined by every legitimate and lawful and Christian

means to aid Ireland to obtain. For Ireland, equally with America, fought in this conflict for right.

America has fought in this war not for selfish aims. She has given her best blood, her hardest toil and her enormous wealth, and in return gets not one foot of soil, not a single material gain. She has a right to demand that for which alone she has made such tremendous sacrifices — justice to all.

Let the test of sincerity be Ireland. Then we will be convinced that truth still lives.

Ireland must be allowed to tell the world freely what she wants, how she wishes to be governed. Speak up, Ireland: make the world hear you! Wake up, England, for the world is watching you!

May God grant that the voice of Ireland be heard, and that, at last, peace, entering Europe through Ireland's freedom, bring even to England its blessings and its fruits.

I firmly believe that, the day that England honestly faces her full duty to Ireland and fulfils it faithfully, God will bless her as she has not known His blessing for many centuries. For, as with the individual soul, so with the soul of a nation — a clear conscience is the only door to happiness.

We want this honest and frank expression of our principles, the principles upon which the stability of this nation and every nation must now rest, to be borne undiluted across the sea, that first Ireland may hear and rejoice, that England may hear and consider, and that our President and all those about him at the great conference of Peace may hear and heed.

When those men in whose hands now rests the fate of all freemen arise, with their work for the welfare of the world completed, may one of the very first articles of that

treaty of peace for all the world read; "We meant what we said,— Ireland, like every other nation, must be free, — one united Ireland, indivisible, unseparated, now and forever."

And the children of the Gael, scattered over all the earth, will hear that soul-stirring message, and then, moved by a common impulse, they will turn their faces toward Erin, lift up their hands to Heaven, and, at that moment of Ireland's triumph, will sing in unison the greatest Te Deum that ever arose to God.

A MOMENTOUS ASSEMBLY[1]

Our Holy Father, Benedict XV, anxious that a real and enduring peace should succeed to the horrors and disasters of the four years of conflict and turmoil just ended, reminds his children all over the world that true peace is God's gift, and is, therefore, to be sought and found only in Him.

Nations and the representatives of nations have their own partial and particular views, ends and purposes. Real peace can come only by the harmonization of all those varied and dissentient aims into a community of interests.

This is no easy accomplishment, when human wills and conflicting purposes tend not to unity but to disunion.

Doubtless, there will be in the gathering of representatives at the Peace Congress men of superior mould, of Catholic sentiments, men who, like our own President, seek not momentary triumph but lasting results.

But they will be few and their opponents will be powerful. To God, therefore, in this great affair of the world's peace, distracted humanity must turn, that principle, not interest alone, prevail for the common welfare of all the suffering earth.

Unless those who control the destinies of the various national interests are moved by sentiments and principles which have Man rather than groups of individuals as their objective consideration, we shall have not peace but the beginning of a longer and a fiercer war.

[1] Letter to the Clergy of the Diocese, January 10, 1919.

All this is in the hands of those now assembling at Paris and Versailles. It is one of the most momentous assemblies in all history. Unless its decrees and decisions are in consonance with the true rights of humanity at large and based upon eternal equity, infinitely more harm than good will of a certainty issue.

Can any one in the world be indifferent to such possibilities? Is he willing to leave them entirely to this group of men who, whatever their ability or good-will, are still, in the main, subject and subjected to local and partial influences?

Surely the event calls for transparency of purpose, a universal horizon and undaunted courage. These are God's attributes primarily, and He will communicate them to those who need them in this crisis, if we turn to Him in prayer and adoration.

We are all interested in the results of the Congress. We cannot all share in its deliberations nor vote in its councils. But we can do even more than this. We can by prayer and supplication obtain for it the light, which is justice, and the power which is right.

Let us, therefore, from this day until the Congress has finished its tremendous task, daily implore the Ruler of the world and the Giver of all good gifts to so enlighten the minds and strengthen the hearts of those entrusted with the making of this covenant of Peace, that they may see clearly and act justly in the cause of universal human welfare, which must now primarily be their chief aim.

God grant that the prayers arising to Heaven from the whole earth may obtain for all the children of men a fair consideration of every grievance, and a just distribution of the burdens as well as of the favors which all humanity must bear and win.

We can begin the New Year in no better way than by supplicating the Prince of Peace to make His divine spirit felt by those who are to establish peace, and I would hereby request you to instruct your congregation upon the desire of our Holy Father, that every day they send petitions to the Throne of Grace for the complete and lasting success of the Peace Congress.

PEACE OF SOUL[1]

It has been the sacred custom of the Church from Apostolic times to gather around the remains of a child of God who has departed this mortal life, to pray for the eternal repose of his soul; not so much to praise the merits of his works, as to remind ourselves of our duty to follow in whatever good he has done.

And so, beloved children of the Church, relatives and friends of this good man, we have gathered this morning to pay our tribute to Almighty God for preserving His servant to a ripe age, and for giving him the power and the strength and the will to serve Him all his days.

The great prayer of the Church, inscribed even upon the walls of the Catacombs, the natural aspiration of the soul, filled with grief and sorrow, is that simple inspired phrase of the Church's ritual, "Rest in Peace." Every one who knows the toil and the turmoil of life is looking for rest, the surcease from the struggle that life imposes; for peace and tranquillity of soul.

This is the sublime idea of the Christian prayer for the dead — "May he rest in peace." Mr. Fitzpatrick was no ordinary man. I have known him intimately many, many years, and I have no hesitation in saying that he was a most extraordinary character. He succeeded admirably where everything pointed to obvious failure. He wrung from the world the success that was due to his integrity, to his honor and to his honesty.

[1] Eulogy delivered at Funeral of Thomas B. Fitzpatrick at St. Mary of the Assumption Church, Brookline, January 17, 1919.

But that was the smallest part of it. The mere acquisition of a prominent place in the business world, while a matter of just pride, is in itself of lesser importance. One need not be very far-sighted to see that many very inferior men achieve that. The great triumph of Thomas B. Fitzpatrick's life was not that. This he fully realized.

The triumph that his greatness of soul was to achieve, along with that temporal, ephemeral success now past, was the triumph of eternity. He saved his soul amid the wreck of material goods. This is the great triumph of a big mind and a noble soul. Many men go down under it! How many men having won material success stop there! They come before God, the eternally just Judge, with nothing better than a handful of ashes to offer Him. Not so, this noble soul.

In the very height of his success, he retained the true idea of the nobility of life. No amount of money could corrupt his mind or change his heart. Always in his ears was ringing that tremendous warning, "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?"

He possessed a great mind, a mind of natural refinement. It was cultivated along the highest lines. He was so modest that he shrank from revealing his finest qualities. But those who enjoyed his intimate acquaintance knew that his was no ordinary mind. It reached out for the best in literature, in art, in everything elevating that the world had to give, and, with all that, his was the simple faith of a little child.

Money had for him its true value, — the power to do good, to respond to a great and noble duty, and he used it lavishly for that end. He neither despised it nor abused it. He took it as a gift of God — as it is — and he

became God's steward over God's property for God's honor and glory.

He never yielded to the luxury of the hour. He lived a perfect, simple, God-fearing life. There was no thought for God or for the good of humanity to which that generous Celtic heart was not always open. What he did, what he gave, no one but God Himself knew. But I know that there was no limit to his giving, wherever the cause was right and good.

It is comparatively easy for a man who is rich in this world's goods to dole out a trifle of what he possesses. Mr. Fitzpatrick gave not only his money; he gave himself, and that, too, to the last hour of his life, to the last day that his strength held out.

He was a member of several of the corporations of the Diocese. There was never a good work started in the Diocese that he was not asked to take part in. He took that part gladly, willingly. He was never too tired; he was never too occupied. The weather was never so severe that he was not present, and among the first.

Not only that. He sought out his own methods of doing good. He made it a personal effort. His contributions were spontaneous. He gave in ways that showed the abounding tenderness of his heart. Without the least suggestion from any quarter that sometimes the good Religious who taught in the schools were wearied, tired out with their tasks and needed a rest as everybody else does, he saw it, and gave of his own property to these good women. To this he added a large amount of money, a princely sum, to enable them to erect a building, a house where they could rest.

We often hear of merchant princes. One wonders sometimes what is meant by the term. He was a merchant

prince; an honorable merchant, a noble soul, a leader in nobility. He was a true prince, as well as a merchant.

The Church is not accustomed to stand over the sacred remains even of her dearest sons and offer praise. It is with no thought of praise that I am uttering these words. It is merely to point out that it is not true that money always corrupts men, dwarfs their minds and corrodes their souls. It need not do so. It was not so in his case. The secret of it all was that he kept his faith in God. He worked for this life. That was part of his duty. He worked for the honor and prosperity of his family. That was also part of his duty, but he worked for God at all times.

His religion was a living reality to him. I shall never forget some of the instances which I witnessed of the keenness of his faith and the tenderness of his charity. They touched me more deeply than I can say. Again and again, at the meetings of some of the corporations where I incidentally mentioned the work that the good Sisters were doing and the difficulties they encountered, I would lift my eyes to see the tears streaming down this good man's cheeks. No words were necessary to express the depth of his interest. His emotion expressed infinitely more than any words.

He was truly a great man, a great merchant, a model citizen, and he was all of these because he was a faithful and constant Catholic.

May he rest in peace. Amen.

THE POWER OF ORGANIZATION[1]

WORTHY president of the League of Catholic Women, ladies and friends: It is with the deepest gratitude that I accept this beautiful bust, which is to me not merely a surpassing work of art, but, principally and in fine reality, a symbol of what I have tried to be to you as an organization, and a lasting testimonial of the consolidation your persevering coöperation has effected.

I realize thoroughly that this is a tribute of your intense interest in the works I hope to do, and in the fulfilment of the beneficent plans in the working out of which you all long to play a part, rather than a symbol of any achievement thus far accomplished. Hence it is a very precious gift on account of the things for which it stands.

What are these things? They have been well set forth in the address of Mrs. Dwight. The purpose of our work is to labor under definite and well-outlined plans for the best interests of our women, of womanhood in general, and, through these and the realization of that purpose, for the greatest good of our city and our country.

How is all this to be achieved? Very much as this bust was fashioned. The idea is easy to understand, the process is simple, but the realization is beset with difficulties. What is the secret of the sculptor's art? It is not in the dull bit of marble. It does not consist in the fact that the artist is able to reproduce in stone the features of the

[1] Address in accepting Marble Bust at Cathedral Hall from League of Catholic Women, February 4, 1919.

subject. It is not a matter of imitation and a certain skill with the chisel. Real art is creative.

The sculptor must have a thorough grasp of the ideal he wishes to portray. He searches his brain to find out what his subject expresses. If he can arrive at the solution of this problem and has the requisite technical skill, he solves the problem and attains his triumph. Otherwise, whatever his mechanical expertness, he fails; he misses the expression of the ideal, the soul of the work is lacking.

As the great artist surveys his subject, he asks himself the question: " What does this man stand for? What has been the living purpose of his life? What was he after? What did he live for? " Unless the artist can answer those questions correctly, and, having answered them, express his answers in some manner and to some degree, all his toil and time and technique are wasted.

But the achievement is difficult. I have often been a subject for artists and I know how tirelessly and persistently they work. The sitter as a person ceases to exist for the artist; he becomes a symbol. He orders you about, he arranges and rearranges your posture, he adjusts draperies. The sole idea in his mind is to bring out and perpetuate adequately what the sitter stands for, to achieve in some measure the portrait of a soul.

In this instance, it seemed to me that the sculptor did not attempt to portray activity or energy, as he saw it,— for, after all, no one is capable of perpetual energy. It seemed to me that he wanted to express spiritual repose, rest after action, that source of all activity.

I am glad he selected this phase, because I honestly think it is characteristic. Whatever has come, I have uniformly accepted, not for myself, but for the Diocese

and posterity, whether what came was pleasant or sad, easy or difficult, good or bad. I think the sculptor put something of all this into the work of his chisel.

Because the artist seems to have caught something of what really expresses my personality, I hope that one day, when God takes me to Himself, this bust will be placed in the Cathedral facing God's altar, and so perpetuate, in a way, that repose after toil and anxiety portrayed in this marble.

To develop the idea I have touched upon and apply it to your work of the League, an organization such as yours must proceed somewhat after the manner of the artist. It must have a living purpose; it must exist and work to express something, and that something must be definite and clear. It cannot be vague, confused, disturbed, intent on one thing to-day and something else to-morrow. The purpose must be there before the organization, as the soul of a sitter is visualized in the mind of the artist.

It is the fatal lack of this great quality, this artistic faithfulness, one may say, to definite and realizable ideals, that is at the bottom of the world's unrest to-day. The majority seem to have grown tired of ideals, of fixed purposes, of definite intents. The great causes that once warmed and swayed and energized the hearts and minds of men and women seem to have lost their power with a great many.

You see all this reflected only too clearly in contemporary literature, music, sculpture and architecture. A sort of decadence has set in and holds sway. These exemplifications of art limn forth something shadowy and unhealthy, like the visions that float before the mind of the opium smoker. Hence, to a great extent, art in all its phases has lost its hold on conservative sensible people;

they react from it, recoil from it. They sense the fact that there is something wrong with it.

Fads come and go. Bad music, bad literature enjoy their fleeting vogue. A considerable portion of mankind acts like passengers on a vessel that has dragged its anchor, and is drifting at the whim of wind and tide. Their lives are aimless and useless, when not positively evil. Their actions lack purpose, definiteness. They concentrate on some phase of materialism and thus pass the time.

How is the world to be saved? How are we to save ourselves? Simply by standing by the old, true ideals, and by doing our best to portray them in some concrete form, as the sculptor fashioned this bust. Individual example for good counts for a great deal — far more than most of us realize — and collective, organization example is overwhelming in its appeal and its power.

This is the real purpose of your league work, ladies, and it is so high and sacred and potential in good that you ought never to permit your enthusiasm for it to abate. It brings its blessings back to you. I think it can be said in all truth that the work of the League does more for you, the workers, than even you with the best energy and courage do for others.

I do not fail to realize that all this devotion calls for much self-denial, thought and labor. You will remark that the artist practically lives for his art and is glad to do so. But in both cases you cannot fail to see the compensations. The artist is happy in his work, and you are happy in your well-doing. Contrast all this with the slavery of money-making, the treadmill of business. The great financier will tell you with sadness that he has lost taste for everything else in life except making money,

and that after a while he fails to derive much satisfaction even from that. But you are happy in doing good, and, the longer and more faithfully you keep at it, the more joy it brings to you.

There is no lasting satisfaction in the pursuit of material aims. This holds true not only of the slaves of business, but also of those who pervert professional life into a pose, into a race after social eminence — of all, in brief, who, in their ignorance, selfishness and greed, make existence a cheap and ignoble thing.

Of course, these are truisms, but the fact never to be forgotten is, that the only people in the world who are happy are they who are devoting themselves and all their energies to some noble ideal, whether you consider the artist, or the zealous social worker among the poor and stricken, or, best of all, the Religious making of life a holocaust, a sacrifice for the good of others and the alleviation of pain.

There is a wide and fruitful field of work for this organization. The only way you are going to do it well is by meeting, by talking matters over, by deciding what plans of action are the best, and then by practical devotion to the duties before you. This could be said of any period of time in our country, but it is especially apposite to-day, when the social order is shifting and changing, and the world seems to have returned to chaos, and is trying to writhe itself into order.

I need not spend more time in pointing out to you what your various lines of work are, or how you are to accomplish your high aims. The principal thing I wish to impress upon you is, first, that you must, as members of the League, be absolutely faithful to its ideals, as the artist is faithful to his art; second, that you must never grow

weary in your well-doing — nothing worth while is accomplished without persevering effort; third, that the ebb and flow of fashion, of society, of governments, ought not to distract you from your high purpose, or make you grow faint-hearted: on the contrary, all this ought to spur you on to fresh activity and energy for the very reason that your work, just now, is so sorely needed.

Returning to the solemn considerations called forth by this beautiful work of art, it will always stand for something good and real in the years to come. As it rests in the Cathedral, facing the sanctuary, it will do its part in perpetuating an ideal, the ideal that is being steadily realized in the work of your society. It can always be said of me, when people look at this genius-wrought block of marble: "That bust was given by the League of Catholic Women which he founded and did his best to energize, and the League is a better memorial to him in the good it is accomplishing than even the bust itself — great work of art though it be — for the League is steadily doing good for others, and doing good for others is the finest work in the world."

So, dear ladies, with the utmost gratitude, and mainly for what this statue represents, I accept it as exemplifying your devotion, your prayers, your fidelity to God, and also your affection for me as Head of this Diocese.

FIFTY MAGNIFICENT YEARS [1]

YOUR EMINENCE: —

The golden date of your Episcopal Jubilee is marked in the calendar of history as August the eleventh, 1918, but no single day can circumscribe the honor due to one, who, for fifty long and laborious years, has been a leader in all that concerns the eternal and temporal welfare of a whole nation.

The Gloria intoned on that historic day, taken up by the chorus of faithful hearts all over this great country, will be sung through all the lessening days of your gentle old age, until it lingers in the hushed Requiem over the venerated remains of our most revered Primate, our greatest Cardinal and our finest citizen.

To-day your brother Bishops rise to chant a brief antiphon in that noble liturgy. From the uttermost ends of this great Republic, they are gathered here about you, who, for now so many years, have been the centre and the mentor of them all. Before the law, your Primacy is one of honor only, but you have converted a place of honor into an influence which reaches farther than jurisdiction alone. For prudence and patience often win in council, where mere legality fails in everything but external compliance.

The rich inheritance of men who have achieved success is handed on to their posterity. All future Americans will be heirs to the treasure which you have gathered from

[1] Address presenting greetings of American Hierarchy at Golden Jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons delivered at Washington, D.C., February 20, 1919.

your spiritual labors in many fields through long, laborious years.

It is not uncommon in these days to find that the heirs of those who have amassed a great treasure forget the benefactor in the enjoyment of the gift. They squander it lightly, because they have never realized the sacrifices its acquisition compelled.

It is not the heirs who best realize the value of an inheritance. It is a man's co-workers who justly appraise the true value of his hard-earned fortune. For, side by side with him, they have faced the stern difficulties out of which he has wrung success. Eye to eye with him, they have watched through the long dark nights and murky days. Upon the same anvil of early adversity, in the sweltering heat of the same forge, they have hammered out the iron of stubborn circumstance into the handsome shapeliness of a great purpose.

The fruitful harvest of your fifty years of productive labor will enrich the Church and all America. The generations yet unborn will reap the full fruitage of your labors and your life. They will remember you and thank you.

Yet, it is but simplest truth to state that only your brother Bishops, who have labored with you in intimate partnership, will justly and adequately appraise the benefits which your toil has achieved. For, as co-tillers of the same soil, they have tasted the labor and the sweat which have sanctified your endeavors, and blessed them with a generous garnering.

They who worked with you from the dawn have long since gone home to rest. Few, even of those who stood with you in the noon, still hold the plough. But here about you to-day are those who took up the burden, as your earlier colleagues laid it down, and, in the evening hours

of your long life's day, they have cheered you by the touch of a new strength and a new vitality.

Though we have not shared all your labors, yet we have stood by you near and long enough to understand, better than others may, not only the copiousness of your vintage, but that which gives it its warmth of color and its richness of flavor.

The subtle and invisible forces which mould human destiny are revealed not in books but in lives. The rich treasury of God's holy Church is handed on more by tradition than by literature. The living embodiment of a great cause speaks more eloquently than a thousand volumes.

It is for this that God's merciful Providence prolongs beyond the common span the lives of those to whom He has entrusted a special message to posterity. We see this wonderful plan at work, beginning with the great Apostle, St. John, through all the periods of the Church's existence. From Patriarch to Patriarch the unrecorded message is transmitted, and thus it is safely and securely continued in complete continuity and exact authenticity.

The world at large will glean what it can from the books which tell the story of Your Eminence's life and times, but the events through which you have lived, the problems both of Church and State which you had a large share in solving, constitute so important a page in the history of this continent that no mere book can tell it adequately.

You are the living voice which speaks to our time the true history of the days of Carroll, the genuine traditions of Kenrick and Spaulding, and to them you can now add the rich mine of your own extraordinary experience, in a true sense, richer and more varied than them all.

The Bishops of to-day have learned from your lips much that will never be recorded. That noble tradition which you now embody will be borne along by faithful witnesses, to guide the path of the spiritual leaders of America a century hence, to whom will be then entrusted, as to you in your day, the safeguarding of the Church's liberties and the security of our most precious inheritance.

So, my dear Lord Cardinal, we rightly consider you, not merely as a revered and beloved personality, but as a living bond between the vanishing pioneer and the working out of his glorious dream in the wonderful reality of to-day.

You are not merely the type of a great Churchman, you are the exemplification of a great epoch. Better than any man living to-day, Your Eminence understands the full meaning of the unimaginable transition between the infant Church of Maryland and the giant Church of America. It is no exaggeration to state that, as much at least as any other man living or dead, you have contributed to solidify the permanency and the harmony of that transition.

From the beginning, Baltimore has ever been a sacred centre, but Your Eminence has conferred upon this great See something of even greater value than mere historic priority. Both as Delegate Apostolic, and then as a great Cardinal, your occupancy has bestowed upon it a lustre unique in all America.

Your Eminence will pardon me, if, in your presence, I voice such sentiments. I know well that you have as little taste for receiving encomia as I have relish to speak them in your presence. You, Your Eminence, are the minister of Him who died upon the sacred Cross, and not a Prince, the office of whose courtiers is flattery.

To recall now the story of your devoted life-work in detail,would only weary you and serve no serious purpose. All America knows the story of your consecrated life, but only God and you know the secret springs whence those subtle and sacred influences proceeded, which culminated in such phenomenal success.

The public is fond of dissecting and analyzing the motivating powers of a great man, but, like the soul, they are too subtle, evanescent and invisible for dissection to reveal. The general result of such futile research is,that they just escape the real underlying qualities which shaped events, and grasp at the superficial ones which merely colored them.

It is natural for every one to admire success, but the modern world adores it. The very fervor of its idolatry only serves to blind it in the search for that which creates it.

The modern world in its pagan attitude towards mere glory fails to realize the right value of blameless failure, and, because the patient acceptance of apparent failure is most frequently the very path to solid success, the Christian soul alone has vision to see beneath the robe of glory the patient weariness of untiring effort.

In every great city of this country there are schools of recent erection, which vauntingly guarantee to teach infallibly the quickest way to success. They are widely advertised, well patronized and increasingly prosperous. There is a pathos beneath those flaming advertisements which no words can express.

If true success could be reduced to a mere formula, no one could be found capable of failure. If all men who are called successful had really achieved success, the science of these schools would be very simple and easy.

The learned psychologists of the day pretend, though unsuccessful themselves, to prescribe an infallible recipe which no genuinely successful man has ever been induced to follow. The simple truth is, that not one successful man out of a thousand can tell himself how and why he succeeded, except in the broadest possible terms of fidelity to a task and a determination to see it through.

It is because men will persist in looking only at the surface of the lives of others, that they are constantly misplacing the emphasis, with the result that they accentuate what is really accidental, and pass over the underlying substantial causes.

I am sure, Your Eminence, that, while the world at large is talking of your life in the glowing terms of high station and grand personages and flaming robes and gleaming decorations, you yourself, utterly oblivious of all these conspicuous signs, are quietly thinking of hard beginnings, of rough trials and sore disappointments, borne in silence and in patience.

You are thinking, too, of the long and dreary journeys, ahorse and afoot, through the North Carolina of fifty years ago — you are thinking of the privations and hardships of your lonely mission, of the long, hard paths to the cabins of the poor and the little huts which served as shelter for the Mass.

You are thinking less of the honors which came later than of the anxieties which they brought, of the motives misinterpreted, of the difficulties of complex situations, of the ever-multiplying exacting duties, of compounding men and measures in preparation for the great Council, of the drain and strain of the first years of the University. You are thinking of all these things which you know, as you alone can know, were the rugged steps up whose

rocky and perilous incline God has silently led you on to become what now you are, a great ambassador of Christ, the secret of whose achievement lies deeply hidden in the difficulties and the obstacles, yes, even in the failures, which only God and you know, rather than in the surface matters for which the world is so lavish with its honor and praise.

This is the Christian school to which you have so docilely submitted your life. There is no formula for all this teaching but the cross which fifty years ago was hung upon your breast.

The great and inestimable value of your success is that you can offer it in all its entirety to the God, Who gave it to you and for Whose glory you have won it and utilized it.

God has given you length of days, and they have served you but to give back to Him length of service. By the simplicity of your life, you have demonstrated the nobility of a true Prince. By fidelity to your sacred office as Bishop, you have led your people in the path of holiness and virtue. By a kindly and sympathetic brotherliness, you have helped to sustain your brother Bishops through hours of trial and difficulty, for, thank God, no Catholic Bishop works alone.

In that personal solitude of life upon the chill heights, each Bishop is conscious that on every peak along the whole range of the Church's sacred mounts there is a fellow-watchman in the tower. Even in the distant solitudes of lonely continents, peak calls to peak, and the sacred watchword, sounding from height to height, cheers each watcher in his solitary vigil. It is this endless chain of affectionate brotherhood which robs even the darkest night of all its terror.

You have served by sympathetic greeting and cheery encouragement to knit firmly together the whole American Episcopate.

To-day we gather around you with hearts filled with affectionate gratitude for all that you have been to us, and all, thank God, that you still are to us.

May God preserve you for many years still, and may each succeeding year bring you in increasing measure the happiness which you so well deserve for a long life, entirely spent for the glory of God, for the edification of His Church, and the welfare of our beloved America.

LETTER TO THE IRISH REPRESENTATIVES[1]

Ever since coming to Washington, I have been busy almost to exhaustion. I regret exceedingly that circumstances and further duties here will prevent my being personally present at the convention in Philadelphia. The loss will be all mine, for I wanted with all my heart to meet and greet the representatives of our great Celtic race on that occasion.

But, after all, what I stand for, what my sentiments are regarding the duty of us all in voicing the cause of sacred liberty for Ireland, are well known to all those present, in fact, to all the world.

I could not, if I would, express myself more clearly or forcibly than in my address at the great meeting in New York in December. I could only repeat what I said on that occasion, and I shall keep on repeating those eternal principles of right and justice as long as I can speak or write. But the truth is eternal — and even if the eternal waits, it ultimately prevails.

Right and liberty for Ireland shall prevail, and we must work on tirelessly, patiently, righteously, faithfully, until falsehood and injustice are vanquished.

Salute for me all the dear soggarths and sons and daughters of the Gael with a fervent Irish "God bless you."

[1] Letter to Representatives of Irish Race gathered in Convention at Philadelphia, February 22, 1919.

PATIENCE IN TRIAL[1]

My dear children in Christ, I congratulate you on the large number who are here present to celebrate worthily the Feast of our great Patron, St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. It is right and fitting that on the vigil of this feast you gather here, and receive Holy Communion as the best possible preparation to celebrate the Seventeenth of March. Here in this great church your souls are in communion with the holy souls that Ireland has been producing for seven centuries, and is to-day showing forth in the great Celtic race, whose members are gathered about the throne of God and dispersed throughout the earth.

What a wonderful Saint was our patron! The more thoroughly you study his life, his virtues and his deeds, the more you are filled with devotion toward Almighty God, and toward him whom He sent to convert our people to the Faith of Christ. Our admiration is not limited by what we read in history; it is reflected in the Irish race itself.

Study the chronicles of mankind, where you will, in pagan or Christian times. You will find in all that lengthy record the story of the race that answered so promptly, so readily and so fully the searching questions that were asked by St. Patrick of the children of Erin. They were faithful to God and His Apostle, not only in the sunshine of life, but also throughout the long centuries of bitter

[1] Address to Hibernians and Auxiliaries of Suffolk County at Cathedral, March 15, 1919.

wrong, of frightful injustice, of calculated cruelty. The faith of the Irish people is nothing less than a continued miracle.

Nothing has ever come that could weaken or change that faith. The number of those who have fallen away from the faith of their fathers, here and there, at the behest of persecution, by the deplorable lack of priests, through the myriad schemes of those who desired only to make the Irish anything but Catholic, is not for a moment to be considered in comparison with the number of those who were faithful to their holy traditions. That faith has been proof against injustice, persecution and ridicule. And it should be said here that not the least of the weapons employed by those who hated the faith of St. Patrick have been manifold ridicule and contempt. But such weapons were as lacking in power as the others used. The Irish gave their word to God through St. Patrick, and they have kept that word.

Many are the other nations that deserve high credit for their fidelity to God. Consider Poland, for instance. But the children of many other peoples bartered away their birthright for a mess of pottage. They were willing to be with Christ's Church when affairs were prosperous, but in time of danger and temptation they fell away. But the Irish never wavered or faltered.

See where the world stands to-day. Not even the wisest can say what the morrow will bring forth. Yet, as I look back forty years as a young man, as a priest, as a Bishop, I recall one fact vividly, the warning sent out by the Vicar of Christ against the evil things to come. You remember the solemn words of Pope Pius IX at the beginning of his Pontificate, the stern words spoken by Pope Leo XIII, that, if the lust for money and power continued its way,

the bulk of mankind would be enslaved and revolution would be the outcome. In the same spirit the saintly Pius X took up his burden, reëchoing the words of his great predecessors, and adding to them his own marvelous practical experience.

Yet the world closed its eyes and ears and pursued its evil way. People in general were unwilling to admit that their principles were false. They were bent on greed, avarice, their own passing pleasure, as the foundations of life as they saw it. Power, conquest, the grinding down of hapless peoples, the enslavement of small nations, seemed to them things that were their right. All this time, while voices were raised here and there for some stricken Oriental people, no one spoke out in a way to be heard against the greatest crime of them all, the maltreatment of the Irish people. It seemed to be a maxim in the West that England could do no wrong, that her word was final.

The prophecies have been fulfilled. The Popes have been justified. The eternal laws of God are being enforced — and the world is in a panic. The expected and foretold collapse has come. Where is there a sure foothold; where is there a rock to which the frightened peoples may cling? Simply and solely in the upstanding and unyielding loyalty of the Irish people to the Faith St. Patrick brought them. England took from the Irish their wealth, their lands, their schools. But there was one thing England could not take away — faith out of their hearts and the love of the Blessed Sacrament out of their breasts. These and these alone will save the world.

Ireland has written in her own blood and tears the lesson for the world to read. It is written plainly. The United States, France, Germany, Italy, the people of the

Balkans, can all read it if they will — and if they refuse to read it, they can take the consequences. A dilemma exists. Either Ireland is right and has been right for more then seven hundred years, or Bolshevism is right. The nations can take their choice. No living man or woman can say that the Catholic Church has not foretold this and been laughed to scorn. But now the day of reckoning has arrived, and the nations must choose rightly or perish.

Ireland is right. She has been right from the time of her conversion. The world must go to school to Ireland to keep what it prizes. So, in a way, my dear children in Christ, you are here as witnesses to a great truth, and to one that does both you and your ancestors great credit. Justice is coming to Ireland; not by rioting, violence or illegality, but, by the working out of the immutable laws of God.

I need not recount to you the bitter history of the past eight centuries. You know it as well as I do; what it has cost Ireland, her people, her priests and her prelates to keep the faith. Well have they done it. Now let us go on doing our duty simply and well, and, by so doing, teach the great lesson. As yet, we, in the United States, have not been called upon to face what Europe has witnessed. But the world to-day is very small, and the plague that to-day is a thousand miles away may be with us to-morrow. Let us get ready for that crisis; not in disorder or panic or hysteria, but in the calm, unwavering faith that has been characteristic of Ireland and her people for centuries.

The one thing that can keep this country in order and under law, with the proper relations between the various classes, is a clean conscience before God, full obedience to His holy law.

The Irish Catholic keeps alive to-day the principles of faith implanted in his heart by his ancestors. That has triumphed over everything. It will triumph to-day and to-morrow.

Now, beloved sons and daughters of St. Patrick, let me end by saying to you, that in all patience we should work out our salvation with the firm determination to have the right, but with the patience of Christ who worked out all things well.

May the blessing of Almighty God, the blessings of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, St. Columbkille, St. Malachi, and all the great saints of our race, — how wonderful and many they are! — rest upon you to-day; may you keep alive that flame of Irish faith and Irish fidelity here, as our ancestors have in the past in Ireland.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH[1]

I CAME here this evening with the determination not to speak. All the world knows my position on the Irish question. I have announced it clearly and fully, and I need never repeat it, for I could never put it more strongly.

I am here this evening, because I wished to do every honor to Judge Wall. I had promised some time ago to be present to-night in my own home city of Lowell, and to speak to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, who are having a banquet there. That was my fixed purpose. They called me by the dearest ties of boyhood friends.

Last night, I received a letter about ten o'clock from Judge Wall, saying that he would be disappointed if I was not here. That touched me more deeply than words can tell, and immediately I sent word to him "I will be there," and cancelled my other engagement.

Now that I am here and have heard this perfectly clear and logical exposition of the subject, I want to thank Judge Wall for the opportunity he has given me of hearing it treated as I have never heard it stated before. I was thrilled with the complete logic of the case. It required a judge, with a perfectly fair legal mind, who never once descended to any appeal to the passions, who never attempted to work on anything like race hatred, but who exposed Ireland's plight out of the mouths of Englishmen themselves, out of the admission

[1] Address at Common Cause Forum, March 16, 1919.

of sane and calm historians, out of the facts in the case admitted the world over, to place this cause of Ireland in such a light. I have only this to say: If there is any one in the world who can logically answer it, and fairly and squarely meet it, there is not one here to-night that would not be willing to go as far as San Francisco to listen to him.

There is one thing that I would like to take this occasion to impress upon your minds and hearts. Let us speak quite impersonally. There was a certain feeling hereabouts that the purpose of these meetings was to keep alive the traditional — they call it traditional — hatred of the Irish race for the English race. That is absolute falsehood. There can be, there is no such purpose. That is a very clever scheme, and a very subtle ruse.

I would not be here to-night, nor would you, if the purpose of this meeting were so base. We do not need any such help, and we do not need any such appeal. Ireland does not need it. We have but to present an honest, truthful statement of the case.

By presenting perfectly authenticated proofs, Judge Wall has deliberately understated the cause of Ireland. The reason is clear. Even that understatement is so strong that those who are not familiar with the story would never believe it to be true.

It is not necessary to overstate. It is only necessary to get the public of the world to listen to an understatement of the cause of the truth of Ireland to have it realize the injustice that she has suffered, the cruel injustice. The evidences of the wonderful blend of Irish wit and Irish pathos, the old Irish tear and the smile, while this tragic story was being told, were enough to arouse the sympathies of any man, no matter to what race he belongs.

That is the story of the Irish race. The story was so tragic to me that I could not smile, even at Judge Wall's charming Irish wit. Thank God you have that gift of laughter, because, if the tragedy goes too deep, we can never laugh again.

It is better to laugh occasionally. It is better still to possess the patience of Christian souls. It is consoling to think that there is a God in Heaven, a God of righteousness, a God, Who, in the end, will reveal the whole truth.

Ah! no, we have no hatred. There is no hatred in the Irish heart. There is suffering, there is bleeding. There is sometimes bitter, momentary resentment, but it never lasts for long.

We Irish, especially we Irish Catholics, never hate any one. We only want the story of Ireland to be known to the world in all its truthfulness, just as history depicts it, not one added touch, not one heightened color, just as the facts have been. Why will the cry of every other nation be heard and not the cry of the Irish? Why?

Learn the story of your race better. Learn it down to the last letter, from the very beginning to the very end. Employ your time, whenever possible, in reading and listening to the true story of Ireland. Ponder well the truth of that story, not in rancor — remember, Children, not in rancor. Ireland does not need that, Ireland does not want it, but study in patience and in truth, and then flood the world with the knowledge of that story.

It is only because the rest of the world does not know the story of injustice which Ireland reveals that the tragedy continues. But it rests with yourselves, and you should all know the story of your race, the honor, the glory of the greatest, most brilliant, most enduring race of the world.

Be proud of the story of your blood, the blood that has been spilt, as the blood of the martyrs, for God, and for the love of Ireland.

Let us work to spread the truth. If it be true that the only argument, the only reason, the only pretext which is given for evading this perpetual, this eternal question of Ireland is that some other nation will be hurt by doing her justice, then, when they have once admitted it, the world will know, and when the world has learned, the cause of Ireland is safe.

My heart is brim full of the love that I bear to the Irish race, the Irish nation, the land of Erin. I love her not only for her glorious history, when she was an independent nation, when she brought the religion of Christ all over Europe and spread the faith everywhere, ah, but more still, because she has suffered even as Christ suffered.

Christ Himself will bless Erin. He has blest her, because, of all nations on earth, she more than the rest has imitated Him in the beautiful patience of her suffering for the right. Ireland's resurrection will come, God grant it, soon. One day the Irish in Ireland and the Irish in America and Australia and Canada, all over the English-speaking world, will gather to celebrate a St. Patrick's Day, on which they can thank God and raise a Te Deum to His throne for at last giving to Ireland Ireland's right.

OUR HEROIC DEAD[1]

MOTHERS, relatives and friends of the heroic dead:

One of the fundamental principles of the Christian faith is, that man is made for God. This brief span, which we call life, is a period, during which man is afforded opportunity to demonstrate his faith and love and service to the Creator, and after which he passes on to eternity.

In this is summed up the entire purpose and scope of human existence. We come from God, we spend a few years among the things of earth, we show our desire to work in God's service, and then we return to Him Who sent us here. This indicates not only the purpose of life, but also the hope that underlies it. It enables us to realize that this world is only a stage on which each plays his particular part; that pain, poverty, anxiety, health, wealth and worldly honor are insignificant in comparison with the paramount fact that we are the children of God made to His "image and likeness." As St. Paul expresses it in that sublime passage: "I reckon that the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the future glory which shall be revealed in us."

Without taking this principle into account, it is impossible to see any purpose in life at all. It is no wonder that people, deprived of this vivifying truth, blinded by their own passions, their own desires, their small, selfish purposes — scarcely ever fulfilled — come to the sad conclusion that life is not worth living.

[1] Sermon delivered at Solemn Requiem at Cathedral for deceased of U.S. Marine Corps, March 21, 1919.

It is only by the clear recognition of the fact that we are the children of God, that we can visualize Heaven, which we are to deserve and inherit by a life well lived, and by a death that is full of hope in the Lord. Because the Christian understands this, though in his weakness he may not be able to follow up his understanding thoroughly, there is always this fundamental maxim: "My life really belongs to God and His service, and whenever He calls I must be ready to obey."

It is this sanctification of life that makes the Christian's existence so simple, unselfish and sublime, and prepares him to be ready to give up anything merely personal for the high purpose which God indicates by the conditions of the times.

God indicated clearly by the voice of the nation, the call of militant patriotism, that men must go forth and offer their lives in defence of their country, in defence of the principles for which their country stands, and how nobly, how gloriously they obeyed!

Can we of this generation ever forget how splendidly the youth of the land rose to that call? Had not these things been enacted before our eyes, we could scarcely imagine that such deeds were possible in our times, times so filled with luxury, self-gratification, given over to a modern paganism. Few would have dreamt that underneath a repellent superficial exterior was this potentiality of sterling manhood that saved the nation, saved Europe, saved civilization.

Nevertheless, it was there, not so much because the spirit of the times inculcated it, but because, first of all, it was in their blood; principally, however, because, when a call comes from God, He gives the strength to respond adequately to it.

Conspicuous among all those who went forth, was that splendid body of Marines, who from the beginning to the end of the war manifested such heroic courage. They were among the first, among the highest on record for their patriotism, their daring, their energy and endurance.

Many of them have left their lifeless forms on the fields of France. There they lie, a glorious token of the spirit of man, unselfish, unwavering, rising to the heights when duty calls. Those lives were full of promise; the world could in one way ill spare them, but the entirety, the eagerness of their sacrifice, were a clarion call to the best that is in the world — an inspiration to humanity everywhere.

What does this signify? It emphasizes the fact that it is the noblest and the best who rise to the heights of Christian and patriotic duty, who heed the great call, who lay down their lives without a moment's hesitation. In every great call this is the rule. A great cause will be satisfied with nothing but the best that man can give.

As in every other great crisis of Christian history, Holy Mother Church coöperated with her sacred consolations, with her maternal care, with her abiding love, to console the dying, to help the dead, to encourage the living, so this Holy Mass is offered here to-day, first of all, as a memorial of the death of Christ on the Cross, that death that typifies every death to the end of time, illustrating the sacrifice of everything for a great cause, the unselfishness of the great soul, the willingness to give one's self and all one has or is for God and for duty.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has a particular application to such an occasion as this. Christ was the great soldier who gave His life for mankind, for truth, for right. He died for us, exemplifying on the Cross what He had

said long before: "Greater love than this no man hath that he lay down his life for his friends."

Calvary, the Crucifixion of our Lord, bodies forth the highest type of love. The Holy Mass, the unbloody Sacrifice of the New Law, teaches the same lesson. In its prayers and canticles it continues to remind us that we must be ready to die for Christ because He died for us.

Every day, every hour, throughout the world, that saving oblation is made. The chant of the Requiem is never stilled, for the ranks of death are always being filled. Besides all this, there is the ineffable consolation and grace that the Mass brings to the living, to the lonely, to the weak. It is a constant witness of the fact that death does not end all, that, in reality, it ends nothing worth while.

Death does put an end to the momentary consolations and pleasures of this mortal life, it stills dangerous joys, it quells some hopes that might or might not have been helpful, but it also ends numberless difficulties, numerous possibilities for evil, countless possibilities for wrong. But, as a compensation for these small losses, it brings to us the certainty that, if we have served God well, eternal bliss will be ours.

These young men whose memorial we celebrate went into battle against terrible odds, they braved every diabolical invention of modern warfare, but, when they went out to die, they did not go alone, for side by side with them marched the blessed Lord who had died for them. They were far from home, from kindred, from friends, but they were not forsaken; they were in every crisis of dread battle guarded and guided. They felt it, they wrote it to me, they wrote it, no doubt, to you.

Now they have gone to their reward, and, though death

has separated them from us in a material way, faith enables us to realize that in a certain sense they are nearer to us than ever. Any one who thoroughly and profoundly believes in Christ's Church must struggle to realize the glorious fruition of the Communion of the Saints, the spiritual union of the blessed in Heaven, or, at least, the suffering in Purgatory.

There is a mystery in all this. God so intended it. Thus He tests our faith. We must put our trust in Him; that is the basis of the spiritual life. In God's good time the mystery will be revealed, and knowledge will take the place of faith. Meanwhile, we have God's word for it that the soul is immortal, that death changes merely the material temple of the soul, that they who have departed this life are only waiting for us beyond the grave, and that their eternal destiny, like ours, depends on the service given to Him Who is not only the all-just and all-seeing Judge, but also the loving God and Father.

The Church neither allows nor encourages any morbid spirit in mankind about these matters. She has unrivalled knowledge and experience of human hearts. She appreciates profoundly the fact that those living in this world must go on with their work, and appear to forget even the deepest wounds of sorrow. Hence, while she admits the grief that death brings, she also assuages that grief by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the blessings that come from fervent prayers. Then she bids us put our trust in God, and leave the settlement of these great problems in His hands. She heals the wounds of mortal life and infuses faith and hope and love.

There is abroad a terrible deception that holds out foolish hopes to the grief-stricken for mercenary reasons, and there are, alas, only too many who allow themselves

to be duped by this deception. Whatever success this imposture obtains is based on the natural desire of the bereft to know something about those who have gone before, to establish some sort of communication with them.

The only communication with the departed is that which the Church reveals to us in the doctrine of the Communion of the Saints. There is nothing material in this; it depends on faith and on the immortality of the soul. Unfortunately, however, the very ignorance of revealed truth has in many cases rendered people outside the Church singularly exposed to credulity in regard to the dead.

By trickery, by sorcery, by necromancy and a mixture of all three, the bereft have been imposed upon by attempts to enter into communication, material communication, with the departed. These frauds have been exposed countless times, yet so great is the grief of the human heart at the stroke of death that hundreds are willing to deceive themselves, and submit to the basest impostures in hope of consolation. Yielding to such practices is not merely folly; it is not merely ministering to mercenary deception; it is a fearful danger which the Church has condemned as sinful coöperation in deceits and snares.

There is but one course for Christians to follow; to accept the law of Nature, which includes death, if not in thorough resignation to the will of God, at least in patience to be strengthened by prayer. God gives us children, relatives, friends, and in His own time takes them back to Himself. Why, therefore, waste our time and become morbid about a universal law? Let us accept the divine decree, follow our loved ones with prayers, and

wait in the spirit of faith for what will come in God's own time.

I am sure you will be interested to know the occasion of this Mass of Requiem. Recently, the mother of a Catholic soldier requested that a Requiem be celebrated in this Cathedral for the repose of the souls of all those Marines, who had given their lives for their country, and for the consolation of all the sorrowing mothers. We have had that Requiem Mass celebrated this morning.

Now to you all; to those of you who have fought the good fight, to those who are lamenting the death of those you love so well, I say; be consoled. Take to heart the words of our Blessed Lord, realize the feelings of the Church as she sorrows and sympathizes with you. These boys were given to you that they might serve God and their country. They have fulfilled their duty; they are resting in peace.

Weep no more. Rejoice in the Lord who has enabled you and your sons to render such high service. Though their bodies lie in the crimson fields of France, you know that our Lord has taken their souls to Himself, that He will console and reward you for the sacrifices you have made for God and country.

May God grant to them all eternal peace and rest!

A NATIONAL POWER[1]

I WAS pleased to learn that the Knights of Columbus are about to conduct a campaign to increase their membership, and I am happy to take this occasion to wish them success.

Hundreds of thousands of Catholics will doubtless embrace the opportunity which this "Membership Drive" offers them to participate in the many benefits, and to coöperate in the many works of this great American Catholic Fraternity.

Every Catholic man in the country, who can, ought to be a Knight of Columbus, not only for his own benefit, not only for the sake of his family and dependents, whose protection is secured by an excellent system of insurance, but also because the vast opportunities for great usefulness to God and country, which now await the Order, require the maximum force, both of zeal and numbers, which this Society can bring to its stupendous obligations.

And these obligations, be it remembered, have been enlarged and emphasized by the record of achievements of the Organization. Long before the war, the Knights of Columbus by their labors in the cause of Catholic education, by their charitable benefactions and their patriotic propaganda, had won an enviable place in public confidence and esteem; but it remained for this great Catholic Society, by its service in the war, to rise to a position of international eminence, and, in its rise, to win the approbation and gratitude of His Holiness, the Pope, military

[1] Letter on Knights of Columbus Drive, April 3, 1919.

and naval commanders, prelates and priests, civil rulers and magistrates, and of hundreds of thousands of men in the ranks who fought triumphantly for freedom and equality throughout the world.

Wherever there was an American soldier in need of comfort, companionship or assistance of any kind, there was a K. C. worker with hand outstretched to aid him or to lead him to a K. C. Hut, where the unchanging password was "Everybody Welcome and Everything Free."

The Knights of Columbus enlisted for national service, for world service, and, having so magnificently demonstrated their capacity and efficiency, they cannot, if they would, retreat now, when the enormous and imperative needs of Church and Country call out to them not only to continue but to extend their activities.

The Knights must get their million members.

From thirty to forty per cent of our soldiers and sailors were Catholics; these have seen at close range the courage, the hospitality, the frank and fearless Christianity of Knighthood; so also have the non-Catholic defenders of our country, thousands of whom have written from the battlefield to their loved ones at home, telling of the kind and generous assistance rendered them by the Knights of Columbus. Every one knows, as Raymond H. Fosdick said, when accepting on behalf of the Government the service of the Order in war work, "the strong stand that your Organization has always taken in regard to the moral hazards surrounding the young man's life."

Any society capable of rendering such service deserves the active support and coöperation of every man who is eligible to membership. No man can belong to such a society without deriving great benefit and advantage from his membership.

THE CONSTANCY OF CHARITY[1]

This annual gathering of the men of the St. Vincent de Paul Conference has a special significance to me, because it embodies the forces of Christian charity in united service. There is a great deal of kind-heartedness among people outside the Fold, as there was in the world before Christ came, but it proceeds from impulse, not principle, and is far from possessing that God-given stability of the charity which our Lord came on earth to teach. Human nature without God's grace is at the mercy of evil, as well as responsive to good impulse, and, even at its best, is pathetically inconstant in well-doing. It was to set mankind aright, to rescue it from mere impulse, and teach it that life must be established on the solid basis of virtue, that our Lord became man.

We behold the goodly results of this in our Catholic men. They are taught from childhood that certain things must be, that human action must be determined, not by like or dislike, but by what is pleasing to God. They are taught in detail how to solve the problems that face them, according to the Ten Commandments and the positive doctrines of the Church. That teaching never varies; it is the same to-day as it was from the first, the same for childhood and maturity, for young and old, for the wise and the simple, the powerful and the weak. Catholics do not pin their faith on any man, however holy

[1] Address to members of Conference of St. Vincent de Paul in Cathedral School Hall, May 4, 1919.

or gifted, but on the principles which the Church received from Christ and imparts to them.

The secret of Christian charity's power for good, as compared with the impulsive or natural kindliness so often seen and overestimated, is that it is founded on principle. It does its work according to well-known, established and approved methods, and not according to the changing whims of novelty-seekers. The world and worldlings cannot abide this plain and familiar practice; they grow tired of even the best, because it is old, and are constantly sighing for something new and untried.

You can see this exemplified in those who become temporary favorites in the world. A man attracts attention and becomes popular. No one pauses to seek the reason; it is a sort of contagion that runs from group to group, and ascribes to him all kinds of admirable qualities. He is praised extravagantly; the crowd shouts that he is a great man. After a while, some one questions his claims to greatness, and a contagion of unpopularity as unreasonable as its predecessor sweeps the multitude. The man who has run the gamut of human fickleness may count himself lucky if he is merely forgotten and not torn to pieces by his erstwhile followers.

You can see the same thing enacted in the public life of our Lord. His very appearance was enough to draw all hearts to Him. His words and deeds kindled such enthusiasm that multitudes followed Him, expecting miracles, partaking of His bounty and finally proclaiming Him to be the Messiah and desiring to make Him king. The climax is seen in the pageant of Palm Sunday, when the Lord rode into Jerusalem among the applauding people, who scattered flowers and even their raiment in His triumphant pathway.

Then the inconstancy of human favor, even when God is its object, is exhibited in the tragic scenes that followed fast on Palm Sunday; the plots of the envious Pharisees, their working on the minds of the people, the betrayal of Christ by one of His chosen Apostles, the cowardly abandonment of Him by the others, the seizure of the Lord by armed enemies, His humiliation and scourging, and at length His progress with the Cross upon His shoulders through the same streets, where the flowers had been scattered and hosannas filled the air, out to the hill of Calvary, where, nailed to the Cross, He gave to mankind an eternal lesson on the frailty of human nature and the futility of human favor.

All this our Lord endured, that He might show forth to men that it is foolish to put their trust in human impulse, however good, that He might prove to them the wisdom of estimating at its true value passing popularity, alike with the unworthy schemes of the envious and self-seeking, and demonstrate the stern necessity of basing their hopes and forming their actions on changeless principles and the lasting friendship of God.

This same lesson is illustrated anew in every age by the history of the Church, and it is shown forth in the great work of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. This movement of Christian charity is now established in parishes throughout the world, and its members are knit together in holy organization everywhere. Wherever it is found, its workings are revealed as the result, not of mere kindly impulse, but of principle.

There is no place in these Conferences for personal or selfish motives, for schemes of obtaining popularity or power. Unless the members are guided by the spirit of Christian service and the zeal to do God's work, they are

wasting their time. This ministry of charity proceeds steadily on its way of well-doing amid the changing winds and feelings of the world. It is heedless of the various fads and fancies, the schemes and impostures, the false knowledge and baseless pride that command so large a share of public attention. It is always to thoughtful Christians a grateful contrast to all the sad foolishness to which the world gives itself.

A few years ago, the novelty-seekers were carried away by the specious theories of Huxley, which were to demolish revealed religion; they turned in feverish eagerness to the empty platitudes of Mrs. Eddy, and to the manifold tricks of spiritism. Education and worldly wisdom were not proof against these things. Men highly esteemed in worldly circles, men like Sir Oliver Lodge, William James, the philosopher, and Conan Doyle, the novelist, have been duped by the wiles of charlatans and the oft-exposed make-believe of spirit-rapping.

It all proves the absurd length to which human vanity may be led, when men refuse to listen to truth and set themselves up as the prophets and advocates of mercenary imposture. The human heart naturally longs for a light and comfort it does not possess. In times of stress and bereavement, men and women strain their eyes for some sign from the other world, and because they have no Christian faith, because they scorn to listen to the voice of the Church, they inevitably become the victims of some misleading theory, some figment of false science, some cheating manifestation of clairvoyance or spiritist mediums.

We can sympathize with the soul hunger that impels people to these false doctrines and foolish practices, because we, too, know sorrow, bereavement and all the

other troubles common to mankind. But there is this great difference in the case of Catholics. When their hearts are sad and troubled, spiritual consolation is always at hand in God's Sacraments, in the strength of prayer, and there comes to them that ineffable peace, never wanting to them that believe in the Lord and keep His word. People outside the Church do not even imagine that life holds such spiritual treasures as are ours; they are at the mercy of a deceiving world and the emissaries of evil.

Hence, you cannot expect them to understand or sympathize with the ideals and purposes of Christian charity, or such manifestations of it as the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. They do not know what true charity means, and so they want to remove it from the dictionary and the mouths of men, and substitute some figment of their own making, some impulsive kindliness or vague philanthropy, and in this spirit they turn against Christ and His Church, like the Pharisees of old.

At first, the world ridiculed the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. Then, when it beheld the marvels wrought by quiet and steady Christian charity, it began to abuse the workers. Now, in dislike and envy, it sets up the cry that the Conference work is unscientific, and argues that the Church should abandon what she received from God and has seen justified by the experience of centuries, and take up with the fads of the day. Its vision is limited to the things of this world and this life; it does not grasp at all the divine system with which the Church works, or that abiding realization of the Communion of the Saints in which Catholics live and perform their duties.

The Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul are founded on

the great principles that take into consideration not only the body and intellect, but also the soul of man. The members are eager to help in the material things of life, but know that the material is but the vesture, the shell of the spiritual, which is the really valuable in man. It is the soul that must be cured and strengthened, if men are to be set aright to order their lives in harmony with eternal truths.

It is only to be expected that there will be failures and periods of depression. Even with the grace of God, we remain weak and sinful mortals. But, when temptations and disappointments come, God's grace is at hand, to give us courage to begin again, and continue the great work which we have undertaken. One of the chief purposes of meetings like this is to regather our forces and renew our resolutions. Your prayers together this morning, and especially your Holy Communion, have lifted up your hearts and strengthened your spirits for the holy service you dedicate to others.

Of course, you must be on your guard against men and motives that would swerve you from the real object of your organization, against selfish interest and the schemes of ambition that are active on all sides. There is the ever-present danger of interfering politics. Politicians have their place and their work, but their tendency is always to reach out to acquire power, and to use every one and everything for political purposes, even religious and charitable organizations.

This tendency has again and again led to tragic consequences. The man or group of men who seek to make everything contribute to their aggrandizement soon concentrate their attention on the representatives of religion and on religious societies. The very effectiveness of re-

ligious solidarity arouses the lust for control on the part of the political schemer. If his operations are successful, religion is debased and weakened; if they are thwarted, hatred of the Church manifests itself, and there ensues a concerted movement to destroy religion, expel its priests and abolish all that ministry of Christian teaching and the consolation that it brings to mankind. You have witnessed numerous examples of this in recent European history. At its worst, it is nothing more than the logical consequence of the politician interfering with the things of God.

Therefore, these political influences and their representatives must be kept in their proper places. The moment you permit the spirit of politics to creep into your organization of charity, trouble is sure to begin. You must be on your guard against it even in Catholics, yes, even in yourselves. The only measure of safety is to keep politics out of sacred things.

The Conference of St. Vincent de Paul is purely spiritual in its purposes. In God's name, and for the sake of those you are organized to help, keep it purely spiritual, first, on your own account, that your motives may remain pure, and secondly, on account of your brethren. The great need of the world and of the times is unselfish work done in the spirit of religion. This will go far to remedy the evils of this troubled day and the ravages of individualism and greed run riot. Just now, there is an attempt to put down Bolshevism by force. It will not succeed, because Bolshevism is an idea, and can be quelled and rendered powerless for evil only by the very Christian ideas that animate the Church and are the basic principles of your society.

There is no consolation, there is nothing to hope for, in

the novel doctrines that are being preached to-day in so many public places. We must go back to Christian doctrine, and make it the basis of all our work, and the starting point for all our efforts for good. You have the truth, the secret of Christian success.

All around you may be seen the melancholy results of false teaching, the rich making a god of their money, the poor reaching out with avid fingers to pluck it from the grasp of its possessors and enjoy it in the material delights it will buy. In the midst of all this, you stand, a little group of men, as were the Apostles in their day.

If you remain faithful to your Christian principles, to the teachings of the Church, to the high motives of the original Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, the outlook for the good you can do is almost limitless. We have been building foundations. The edifice is rising. There is abundant reason for confidence in what has already been accomplished. With God's help you can do a great work in this Diocese for those about you and for mankind in general.

Therefore, let us labor in patience and equanimity, in steady reliance on the truth and on Christian principles. Nothing else lasts, nothing else is worth while. In your hands is the power to alleviate much suffering, strengthen much weakness and help the coming of God's Kingdom. Be true to your principles, to the purposes laid down for the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. Go forth this morning with the determination never to swerve from the straight line or relax in well-doing. Keep your standards true and high, and may God's blessings be upon you and upon your work.

A LETTER TO THE POLISH PEOPLE[1]

I HAVE received the appeal sent to me, in the name of the Polish Societies, the Polish Catholic Clergy and the Polish people of the Archdiocese of Boston, to be represented at the Meeting which will take place at Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, June 8th, at four o'clock, the purpose of which will be to ask the American people to suspend final judgment on the matter of the persecution of the Jews in Poland, until an unprejudiced commission can visit Poland, investigate and report the truth.

The Jews of America, or of any other Country, are entirely within their rights to safeguard the religious and racial interests of their own people, and the fact that the rumor has gone throughout America that their brethren were being discriminated against would naturally arouse them and every true lover of liberty; but as yet we have not the facts, and, as it is the purpose of this meeting to make arrangements to secure these facts, I cannot be indifferent to the appeal which I have received.

No one, I am sure, who knows the history of Poland or the Polish people, either in Europe or America, can accept without investigation a charge so foreign to the faith and national temperament of the Poles. The Polish people, like the Irish people, have suffered for centuries, and they know what persecution means. I cannot believe that as Catholics they can be guilty of persecuting a people of another race or faith, because of racial or re-

[1] Letter to Polish People read at Mass Meeting at Symphony Hall, Sunday, June 8, 1919.

ligious differences. There must be some misunderstanding in the premises, and it is only fair to seek and know the truth, before forming judgment and voicing condemnation.

It is but just that the Polish people be given an opportunity to present to the world the true condition of affairs, and I feel, and I am confident that all other justice-seeking men feel, that their plea should be hearkened to.

I am happy to take this occasion to send the Polish people my affectionate blessing, rejoicing with them that their Country is on the eve of an epoch more glorious than any epoch of the past, and assuring them that it is my earnest wish that they will soon enjoy the fulfilment of all their just national aspirations.